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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

AND

RECOLLECTIONS

OF A

PIONEER PRINTER.

By EBER D. HOWE.

PAINESVILLE, OHIO:
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1878.

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THE
BUFFALO
HISTORY
MUSEUM



AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND RECOLLECTIONS

OF A

PIONEER PRINTER:

TOGETHER WITH

Sketches of the War of 1812 on the Niagara Frontier.

BY EBER D. HOWE.

As I am now bordering on four-score years, I am moved to sum up and record some of the things I have seen and experienced for the past three-fourths of a century—which includes a period prolific of more wonderful events than any other in the world's history. I began to live on the 9th day of June, 1798, in the little village of Clifton Park, in the county of Saratoga, and state of New York, near the old battle-ground where General John Burgoyne surrendered a large British force to General Gates in 1777. My parents were of the genuine Yankee stock—my father being a native of Long Meadow and my mother of Middletown, in Connecticut. My father, having received a common school education, entered the College of Dartmouth at the age of 19, where he continued one year, and made some proficiency in the study of medicine. At the age of 20, being in Boston, he shipped on board a privateer then fitting out for a cruise along the coast, as a Surgeon—contrary to the understanding of the crew. The craft was steered direct for the English Channel. The ship proving a miserable thing, leaking badly, two men were kept constantly at the pumps for forty days—the Captain being

in a state of intoxication nearly the entire time. One dark night they found themselves alongside a British 74 on the coast of Ireland. The privateer fired one gun and surrendered. Soon after the crew were removed to the 74 the old hulk went down, to their great joy, not being worth towing into port. They were carried into the city of Cork as prisoners of war, where they were kept till the close of hostilities, about two years and a half. My father, however, was permitted to go into the country, where he was treated kindly by the Irish peasantry, subsisting chiefly on goat's milk and oatmeal. After his discharge he made his way to France. Here he travelled three hundred miles on foot, and, after reaching the port of Havre, shipped as a hand before the mast for Boston. He then completed his medical studies and followed the profession for over forty years, and died in 1838, at the age of 78 years. My mother died in 1852, aged 87.

I was the fifth of a family of six,—three boys and three girls,—the two youngest of whom only survive. The others were well advanced in years at the time of their decease. At the age of six years I found myself in the town of Ovid

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in Central New York, near the waters of Seneca Lake, the most beautiful sheet of water, I think, in America. Here, up to the age of thirteen, the beach of this lake was a favorite resort for the boys, and girls, too, for the purpose of fishing, bathing, and boating in the summer season. Here I learned to "paddle my own canoe." Here I learned my A, B, C, and commenced reading the newspapers. The present generation and the one preceding can have no conception of the manner and mode of living in the woods sixty-five and seventy years ago. Our school-house was one and a half miles away. Over this ground the children traveled year in and year out, chiefly through the woods and across lots, and in cow-paths, bare-footed, with toes "stubbed" and maimed, in warm weather, to reach an old and dilapidated log school-house—in which no respectable farmer in these days would think of wintering his swine—with fire-places that would consume a full cord of wood each day; the benches made of slabs, each one having four augur holes, into which were driven round sticks cut from the limbs of trees close by; with writing tables made of a single board, fastened to the logs of the house. Thus were we put through a course of "sprouts," and education. The sprouts were cut from the beech and hickory trees in the vicinity, each unlucky urchin being obliged to furnish the instrument of his own torture—by which means a very respectable pile would frequently accumulate within reach of the "master," as he was then called.

In those days intemperance was not considered an insurmountable qualification for a good teacher. I well remember one old fellow—who was a Scotchman, I think—that would frequently get "half seas over," vomit upon the floor, and take a "quiet snooze" in the school-room.

From this old log school-house I re-

member that in June, 1806, teacher and children emerged to see the great eclipse of the sun. Since then I have seen many solar eclipses, but never any so brilliant. It was total, with the exception of a bright ring around the outer edge. The stars shone brightly, fowls went to roost, and cocks crowed merrily.

How little does the present generation of children appreciate their advantages. In my school-boy days I never saw a map of any kind, and, I presume, a "black-board" was never seen in a school-room for thirty years after. And then, the books! Webster's First Spelling Book was the first and the last. It must be spelled through and read through every three months, year after year. I call to mind those old wood cut pictures of fables, where "an old man found a rude boy on one of his apple trees" and threw grass at him. All the geography that I now recollect ever being used in school was a common reading book with questions and answers, giving the latitude and longitude of every place on the globe.

At that time no one had ever dreamed of canals, or railroads, or telegraph, or friction matches, or stoves. Do boys now ever think how the world got along without matches, or stoves? Well, I will relate to you a little of my experience. Perhaps it might have been somewhat different in large towns, but in the country places and villages every house had "fire-places," which would burn wood two, four, six, and even ten feet long; and in order to kindle and replenish the fires, good hard wood—"brands" as they were called—must be well covered with ashes, or the fire would be lost. And such calamities were of frequent occurrence—then what had to be done? Here Tom, Dick or Harry, get up and go to the neighbors and "borrow" some fire! Away goes an urchin on a cold,

frosty morning, in the rain or snow, to the nearest neighbor—perhaps half or three-quarters of a mile—and find that neighbor in the same predicament. And after going to several places you were lucky in getting a supply; but before getting back home your borrowed fire goes out, and you have no alternative but to renew the process. In this I speak from sad experience. But others better supplied with material would use an old musket to make a "flash in the pan," ignite some flax-tow, and then shavings, and sometimes other means were resorted to. Tallow candles were almost universally used for lighting the houses—and without matches these were sometimes vexatious.

How great, then, was the invention of the little friction match! How could the world now move without them? Everybody uses them throughout the globe. They are even found to be indispensable to the incendiary.

How did the world move without mails or newspapers? I remember well the first newspaper I ever saw, seventy years ago. It was called the *Geneva Expositor*. In those days they were carried through the country on horse-back, and the man was called a "post rider." He came along once a week and blew a horn at every house where they "took the papers." When that horn was sounded some or all the children were seen upon the run to get the paper first. This was in the time when Napoleon was fighting his great battles and rending the nations asunder all over Europe. Being only seven or eight years old at this time I well recollect with what avidity the family circle would gather round to hear my father read the wonderful doings of that great human butcher.

This was about the time of the first election of James Madison, my father taking a warm interest in the success of

the Republican party. The first ballots, or votes, I ever saw were for Daniel D. Tompkins. I thought it very strange that my father should write the name of one man so many times for Governor. No printing office then within twenty miles.

As far as my knowledge extended—seventy years ago—there were no shoe or clothing stores. The present generation has but little conception of how these every day articles were acquired by the people. As a general thing, the farmer reared cattle, ate the beef or veal, carried the hides to a tan yard, from one to ten miles away, waited about a year for them to be made into leather; a shoemaker was then employed to come into the house with his "kit" of tools, and make up a supply for the year. Very few in those days could afford to wear boots. But where is the boy now, from two years old upward, who does not wear boots? I was sixteen years old when I had the first pair. Just so with clothing. The sheep were raised, the wool carded, spun and wove, by our mothers and sisters, then carried away many long miles to be fulled, colored and pressed. Then a tailor was to be found who would come to the house, cut out the cloth into garments that would fit the several male members of the family, and assist the females in stitching them together. No sewing machines then. The last twenty-five years has placed these indispensable contrivances within the reach of almost every family in the civilized world.

How was locomotion then accomplished, without cars, steamboats, or buggies? In 1807 Fulton made the first attempt to propel a boat by steam; but it was about ten years after that time before much was accomplished in that direction. Occasionally gentlemen rode about in a two-wheeled carriage, with leather thorough-braces. On foot or on horseback was the

usual way of travel. What we call buggies were then not thought of. The elliptic spring is quite a modern invention. If a young man wished to take his "gal" to a dance they both mounted one horse and away they would go, from three to ten miles off. Not being a dancer myself I never adopted that style of going about; but I have a neighbor, now ninety-six years of age, who tells me that was his mode of going to balls when a young man. I was twenty years of age before I ever rode in a buggy.

Plows were then made with wooden mold boards. No horse-rakes or mowing machines. Oxen and carts were in general use. When the family required a new supply of flour, a boy was dispatched to the nearest "grist mill," sometimes from two to ten miles away, with two or three bushels of grain on the back of a horse, there to wait his turn to have it ground. This going to mill frequently proved the most vexatious undertaking of a boy's life. It required all his dexterity and ingenuity to keep the bags from sliding off sideways or backwards; so, when they fell to the ground, as they sometimes did, and he was not large enough to replace them, he was obliged to await the approach of some person who was passing or go in pursuit of help a mile or two away. In this I had considerable experience.

I have now arrived at the age of thirteen years, and in the year 1811 my father removed with his family into the dominion of George III., eight miles west of the Falls of Niagara. The first sound of that mighty waterfall, heard at the distance of nearly twenty miles in a still, frosty morning, is most vivid in my recollection, although sixty-five years have intervened. The spray and mist ascending several hundred feet, congealing and forming such a beautiful cloud in the atmosphere above, all conspired to

strike the beholder, at the first view, with awe and amazement not easily defined. Here we settled down under the reign of the old imbecile tyrant, whom we had always been taught to hate and despise. At this time, the Canadas being held with a very uncertain tenure, the people were treated by the mother country with great deference, and enjoyed all the freedom they could reasonably ask. Occasionally some of the old relics of monarchy would exhibit themselves; for instance, it was a high crime to damn the king and the royal family, which was usually punished by banishment to the United States, with the promise of being hung if they returned. But this became a rather laughable farce, and was discontinued.

At that time there was not more than one or two newspapers published in the whole Province, and as "war and rumors of war" were getting rife, it became a question of great moment how we were to get the news from the States. About this time, in a little village called Buffalo, at the foot of Lake Erie, a newspaper was started called the *Buffalo Gazette*, the only one then, I think, west of Canadaigua. But was this to help us? No mails, no post-offices, no post-riders. But "where there's a will there's a way." In a few weeks, in the beginning of 1812, there was seen approaching our neighborhood a man with a pack upon his back, wading through the snow almost to his knees. It proved to be a real, genuine, live *post-walker*. He had the Buffalo paper, and was fixing up a route from Buffalo to the head of Lake Ontario, a distance of some sixty miles, which he proposed to travel once a week. This we considered a God-send. His name was Paul Drinkwater, a Scotchman, six feet four in his stockings, and slender out of all proportions. He proved to be a man of the most rigid economy and per-

severance, and seemed determined to succeed in so vast an undertaking. He subsisted on hard-tack, which he carried along with him, with the addition of cider—and frequently *matheglen*, when he could find it at his stopping places. His advent and passage through the country was an era of much moment to boys and girls. Paul was always on time with his news-pack, and only hauled off on the near approach of the war in June following. Nearly all the events of that foolish war on the Niagara frontier I can relate with more truth and accuracy than any histories that I have seen, being an eye witness and an actor in many of them.

Niagara River is the outlet to that chain of Lakes in the north-west portion of the American continent, and for the most part forms the boundary line of the British possessions. It emerges from the foot of Lake Erie, running due north about thirty-four miles, and empties into Lake Ontario about forty miles from its head. At the head of this river stands the City of Buffalo on one side and Fort Erie on the other. Eighteen miles below is the little village of Chippewa, at the mouth of a small river of that name, on the Canada side; two miles below this are the great Falls, and a mile west of this is the famous battle-ground of Lundy's Lane. Seven miles farther down is the village of Queenston, and Lewiston on the opposite side. Seven miles still farther down is Lake Ontario. On the right bank of the mouth is the old Fort Niagara, built by the French about two hundred years ago. Opposite this fort stands the town of Newark, and a mile above is the British Fort George. This River is nearly a mile wide its whole distance, with the exception of the space between the Falls and Queenston, where it is quite narrow, with perpendicular banks on either side, about one hundred

and sixty feet high. This vast chasm, it is supposed, has been formed by the wearing away of the rock over which the great body of water has been plunging for ages past. Across this chasm are now two suspension bridges; but at the time of which I am speaking any man would have been convicted of lunacy to have even thought of such a project.

In the war of 1812, then, this River brought the two nations nearer face to face than any other boundary between them; consequently, this was more naturally chosen as the seat of war; and, as the result of this, it was the place where more strife and bloodshed occurred than any other. The act declaring war against Great Britain was passed by Congress on the 17th of June, and the news was received by the Canadian authorities in about four days—but on the opposite side of the river several days later. In those days there were no wires to flash the news through the country. But the way in which it was conveyed at that time is now very vivid in my memory, and was on this wise: About the middle of a very warm day in the month of June, half a mile down the road toward the river was discovered a cloud of dust, rising and falling in quick succession, and as it approached a little nearer a white horse was faintly discovered, then a man upon its back, brandishing a long sabre, which looked as though it might have descended from the famous Knight of Lamancha, and used in the days of wind-mills. The poor animal was covered with dust and foam, and its sides gored with blood, produced by the long spurs which pierced its skin at almost every bound. His cry was: "War! war! war is declared! Every man is ordered to turn out and defend his country—the Yankees will be over to-night!" On, on he went, and I never learned when and where he stopped. He was a

Captain of Militia, and had probably heard the declaration said to have been once made by General Peter B. Porter—"that he could take Canada with five hundred men any morning before breakfast!" At any rate, he was awfully alarmed, and seemed fully determined to die in the "last ditch" in defense of His Majesty's Dominions.

At this time there were many disloyal people scattered through the country, who had quite recently emigrated from the other side, and had not fully made up their minds to fight. They treated the Captain's efforts to have them "fall into the ranks" with a derision not very commendable in loyal subjects. But no Yankees came that night, for they contented themselves with merely looking across the river to see the commotions and disturbance among their neighbors. In due time, however, they received news of the declaration of war, and instead of crossing the river to attack their Canadian neighbors, they had all they could do to prepare for their own defense. Soon fortifications were erected on both sides, and forces were being collected and drilled for future operations, and occasionally some shots were exchanged across the river; but no movement was made till the 13th of October. On the morning of that day, before daylight, a thousand militia-men and a few regulars were embarked at Lewiston and landed at Queenstown, under command of Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer. A small but resolute squad crowded up the side of the mountain—some two hundred feet—on their hands and knees, unobserved, and commenced an attack in the rear of the batteries, driving the British down the road into the town. As fast as the forces crossed over they repaired to the top of the mountain and prepared for an attack from below. The British commander—Gen. Brock—who was then at

Newark, seven miles away, gathered up a few light troops and arrived on the ground soon after daylight. At the head of a small force, with a flourish of his sword, he commanded an advance up the declivity, but before he had proceeded three rods he fell dead from his horse—and in two minutes more his Aid, Col. McDonald, shared the same fate. This was the work of sharp-shooters. They then retreated, leaving the town and surrounding country in the hands of the invaders.

Gen. Van Rensselaer, being slightly wounded, left the command with Gen. James Wadsworth, and re-crossed the river, endeavoring by all the means in his power to persuade the balance of the militia (about 3000) to go forward and assist their brethren who had cleared the way. But no; they had seen some blood in the boats which had returned with some of the killed and wounded, and claimed their constitutional rights—not to leave their own soil. Some time in the afternoon could be seen from the heights on both sides of the river a long string of red coats, slowly marching up from Newark and Fort George, under command of Gen. Sheaffe. They made a detour some two miles around and gained the top of the mountain. The last attack was then made, and in fifteen minutes the militia retreated, broke, and ran down the hill to the water's edge, where they surrendered. Some years after this a monument was erected on this battle ground to the memory of General Brock.

Under an impulse of curiosity the next morning I rode ten miles to view the results of this first conflict. In looking around I discovered, scattered here and there, about twenty men, stark naked and scalped, and many of them with the prints of the tomahawk driven into the skull. It seemed that a band of Indians

after the battle was over had visited the ground to exercise their skill in that way. The bodies of these men, being then cold and stiff, were about being buried, according to the rules of war, as I supposed. A trench had been dug about two feet deep, six feet wide, and twenty feet long. Three men would then take the body, two with a stick under the neck, one hold of the feet, carry it to the hole and pitch it in like a dead hog. I thought this was a pretty rough beginning. I then went to search for the men whom I supposed had been killed on the other side, but discovered only two bodies, which had been decently laid out in an old house. These, they claimed, was the extent of their loss, except General Brock and his Aid. I then wended my way home, with many sad reflections on the barbarities of war.

With some slight skirmishing the campaign for that year was closed on the Niagara River. During the winter the American flotilla on Lake Ontario had been augmented so as to be able to drive the British into their hiding place at Kingston, besides concentrating an army of about 7,000 regular troops at Sackett's Harbor. The command of this force was assigned to Gen. Dearborn, who had seen considerable service in the Revolutionary war. Under him were Governor Morgan Lewis, Generals Winder, Boyd, Chandler; also Colonel Scott, afterwards Lieutenant General.

On the 27th day of April the town of Little York (now Toronto) the then capital of Upper Canada, was captured by the fleet and a detachment of 1700 men, under command of General Pike, who, with about 260 others, were either killed or wounded by the explosion of a magazine after the Fort had surrendered. Although over forty miles away the cannon on that day were plainly heard. At that place a vast amount of property was

carried off by the conquerors. The army and navy then recrossed the lake and took position near Fort Niagara, where the forces were concentrated, and on the 27th day of May, under cover of a thick fog, the army were landed from the fleet and boats on the beach of the lake about two miles below the mouth of the river. As soon as discovered the British made a sharp resistance, but in less than half an hour they were driven back, abandoning the town of Newark and the Fort—and in a few hours all the forces on the frontier as high up as Fort Erie, were on a brisk retreat towards the head of the lake. Why they were not pursued and captured has always remained a mystery. They were completely demoralized and scattered along the road for several miles, but they were permitted to retire, unmolested by any effort or movement towards their capture.

After about a week, when the British troops had taken a position some forty miles away and well rested and fortified, the American forces (near 7,000 strong) began the pursuit, under command of several generals. They arrived in the vicinity of the enemy's camp in about four days and encamped for the night, which proved to be dark and stormy. During the night a party of the British passed the pickets, made a rush for the quarters of the Generals, and carried off Winder and Chandler before they got fairly waked up, and before the lines could be formed were out of reach. A retreat back to Newark was then commenced, where the whole army arrived the next day. The British followed up in a few days and surrounded the town.

About this time a little episode occurred eight miles west of the great Falls, at a place called the Beaver Dams. Colonel Boestler, with 500 regulars, two pieces of artillery, and a company of about thirty rangers from Buffalo, under command of

Dr. Cyrenus Chapin, were detailed from the camp at Newark to batter down a certain stone house, situated near the said Beaver Dams. When within about two miles of their destination, in passing a point flanked on three sides by timber, they were suddenly fired upon from almost every direction by a company of Indians, who were secreted and lying in wait to receive them. The Colonel immediately wheeled into an open field and formed a line of battle. The Indians, in the meantime, kept up a brisk fire, accompanied by the savage war whoop, nearly concealed from view. Soon a white flag was seen to emerge from the woods, carried by a British Captain in uniform, who was met by the Colonel and Staff. They represented that a large force of soldiers lay near by, and demanded an unconditional surrender.—After a short consultation with his officers the Colonel agreed to lay down his arms on condition of having their lives protected from the barbarities of the savages. After their arms were given up and taken away they found to their astonishment and mortification that their captors numbered but one small company of regulars and one or two hundred Indians, hardly sufficient to guard them. They were sent round the lake by way of Kingston to Halifax. The sequel to this foolish affair was that Colonel Boestler was never again heard of in the army; and Colonel Chapin with a few of his rangers succeeded in capturing the guard who had them in custody while descending the lake in a boat, bringing them safely into camp at Newark as prisoners of war.

The remainder of the summer was spent on that frontier by inactivity; the American army cooped up in Newark and Fort George, and the British outside keeping watch of them. The siege was finally raised in October, after the cap-

ture of the British fleet on Lake Erie, and the defeat of Proctor on the Thames by Gen. Harrison. They fell back to their old position at the head of the lake to await further developments.

The lines being again opened, I took up my residence in Queenston on the Canada side. Here, with our next door neighbor, a Scotch loyalist, was Captain Barclay, late commander of the British fleet on Lake Erie, who had been captured a few weeks before at Put-in-Bay by Commodore Perry. I saw him on the street about every day. He was a fine-looking man, and carried his arm raised upon a board, it being badly shattered in the recent fight. I have seen it frequently stated that he had lost an arm at Trafalgar under Lord Nelson, but I think it was a mistake.

In October a draft of 2000 militia was made from Western New York to hold the Niagara frontier, and took position in the town of Newark, under General McClure. A great and foolish expedition had just been set on foot to capture Montreal. All the regular troops had been taken from the frontier, including the Western army under General Harrison, leaving the whole line open without any defense, save the few militia whose time would soon expire, and about the first of December Newark was evacuated and the town, containing some three hundred buildings, reduced to ashes. This was a work of vandalism which was dearly paid for, at a high rate of interest, soon after. General McClure was ever after held in detestation for the ruthless act by the people of both nations.

About 100 regular soldiers, mostly invalids, had been left in Fort Niagara for its defense, under command of a Captain Leonard, who retired every night to a private residence four miles out on the lake shore. The military strategy in this procedure of the Captain is not very ap-

parent at the present day, but was in keeping with a good share of the strange movements of that war.

Thus stood matters till the night of the 18th December, when the British with their Indian allies crossed the river, passed the sentinels (if any there were), entered the gates and took possession of the old fort without firing a gun. They then sent a file of men down to the Captain's quarters with a request that he appear at the fort without any unnecessary delay. He still holding to his previous notions that "prudence was the better part of valor," did not stand upon the manner of his going, but obeyed the summons forthwith. I think his name was never again heard of in connection with the military service.

The Indians immediately took the line of march up the river, and arrived at the village of Lewiston about sunrise, where they found most of the people in their beds. The first warning they had of their danger was the Indian war-whoop as they emerged from a piece of woods which skirted the whole length of the town, and about thirty rods distant. The consternation that followed this sudden eruption of a savage foe, can hardly be imagined. Each one from instinct supposed their safety depended upon flight. It so happened that on this occasion the savage appetite for plunder outweighed his appetite for blood. Therefore, they were so long detained at a few of the first dwellings that a large share of the people got well under way before pursuit commenced. I think but one man and a woman were killed at this time. A Dr. Alvord, who was a cripple, attempted to mount his horse and ride away, but was shot. The ground was frozen and covered with a light snow. The main and almost only road that led from the town ran directly east, and was somewhat thickly settled; and as the alarm went far ahead

of the main body, carried by a few who had the good luck to find horses, the inhabitants were instantly wheeling into line in front of those who first started. Three miles out, I with my father's family fell into the fugitive cavalcade. By this time the road was getting pretty well filled up with men, women, and children, horses, oxen, carts, wagons, sleds, in fine everything that could facilitate the movement of women and children; and after filling up all these many were carried in the arms of those most able to endure fatigue.

Very few of the vast throng thus suddenly thrown together had eaten anything that morning. I well remember the breakfast that was on the table that morning as the frightened rider passed our door. The frying pan went one way and the tea kettle the other. The horses and sled were soon at the door—feather beds, blankets, and whatever eatables were nearest at hand were hurled in, the women and children on top, and away they went over the rough and frozen ground. As the frightened procession advanced, its numbers increased, until neither end could be discovered by those in the centre. It was supposed to be about five miles in length, resembling somewhat the serpentine movements of a huge black snake—rendered more distinctly visible by the snow on the ground.

There was no halt for the distance of about fifteen miles, except to cast an "anxious lingering look behind," to get the first glimpse of the savage foe, with his uplifted tomahawk and bristling scalping-knife; but he only followed on the trail for about three miles, securing the plunder and firing the now deserted dwellings. There were, however, two of the red men more fearless than their fellows. Being mounted on fleet horses they followed in the rear for about five

miles, and came up with two men, one of whom they shot, took his rifle and retreated, while the other escaped into the bush. These men both had their rifles pointed at the Indians, but concluded they were friendly—as the Tuscorora tribe resided in that neighborhood—took down their guns and awaited their approach until it was too late to retrieve their mistake.

As night approached the procession arrived at the forks of the roads (near where Lockport now stands) one leading to Batavia and the other to Rochester. Here some of the most weary, and perhaps the most courageous, bivouacked for the night—finding shelter for the women and children as best they could, the men standing guard and putting themselves in the best position for defense; while others again pursued their course to the right or the left. I took the road leading to Rochester, and soon entered what was then called the “eleven mile woods,” there being then but one solitary house for that distance, seven miles of which was covered with a thick growth of timber, having only the small brush cut away just sufficient to keep on the direction. At this juncture a brisk snow storm set in—but on, on wended the cavalcade, over a corduroy bridge laid down in the mud and water for the distance of about four miles, some, of course, occasionally giving out, but others pursuing the even tenor of their way the whole night. Somehow, at present unknown, I found myself on board an old rickety wagon, drawn by a half-starved pair of oxen, plodding along through the last seven miles, almost every minute in collision with a tree, first on one side and then on the other, constantly “hawing” and “geeing,” as the case might be. The next morning I found myself enjoying a quiet snooze at the eastern end of the “woods” under a blanket, with nearly a foot of snow thereon.

The Indians and red coats tarried

thereabouts for two days, reveling in whiskey and plunder, and then “departed for their own coast,” carrying with them a few prisoners to their wigwams on Grand River. Among these was a man by the name of Phillips, who had resided in Canada about six months before the war commenced, and had taken the oath of allegiance to his Majesty while in his dominions. The first opportunity that was offered he left and became a soldier on the American side. Under these circumstances he concluded that his best chance for life would be to remain with the Indians in as much privacy as possible. After arriving at their village many of the tribe became clamorous for the sacrifice of a Yankee, in propitiation for some of their braves who had recently been killed, and proceeded with all due ceremony to prepare the place of execution by bringing together all the pine limbs, knots and faggots, that were most convenient. Before they had time to carry out and execute their plans, however, some British officers made their appearance upon the ground, and by dint of entreaty they were induced to stay the savage procedure. The old Chief then took him to his hut and set him to work, and finding him an expert at divers things, especially at making shoes, moccasins, &c., he soon became a favorite in the camp. After serving them in this manner for about three months, the chief proposed that he should marry a squaw, and even proposed his own daughter, and urged the proposition with so much tenacity that he concluded to let them know that he had a wife and children in Canada. This soon led to an arrangement whereby they were to liberate him for five gallons of whiskey and ten pounds of tobacco. Phillips soon found means of conveying the intelligence to his wife, who was then about forty miles from the place. After many difficulties

and hardships she procured the articles with which to pay the ransom and carried them to the Indian headquarters on Grand River, and brought away her husband in safety. The following November, just at the close of the war, Phillips and his family crossed the lines and came to Buffalo, from thence to Ontario county, where he died at the age of 90 years. The woman above spoken was a sister to the writer hereof.

BURNING OF BUFFALO.

Sometime previous to this, General Drummond had taken command of the British army on this frontier, which had been reduced to about 1500 regular troops, and took peaceable possession of the whole frontier from Niagara to Fort Erie. On the night of December 31st they crossed the river at Black Rock, two miles below Buffalo, in the midst of a heavy snow storm, and took up their march for the latter place. A small force of militia from the adjacent country had been speedily collected, and made a feeble attempt to impede their progress. A few shots were exchanged when the militia broke and sought safety by flight into the woods through a deep snow, and retired to their homes. At this time a body of the Mohawk tribe of Indians accompanied the British, who pursued the flying militiamen, overtook and scalped many. Early on the morning of the 1st day of January, 1814, they entered the village of Buffalo, and quickly began the work of devastation; and by noon of that day there was but one house left standing in the city and adjacent country. This was a small unpainted house located on Main street, owned and occupied by a widow St. John, the mother of Dr. St. John of Willoughby. She had several blooming daughters, and they all made such a determined resistance that the Indians hesitated for a short time in applying the torch, and a guard was

placed over it by the British officers. This old house remained a standing monument of that calamity for many years, but finally succumbed to the march of improvement. One woman was killed by the Indians while attempting to save her domicile. The Indians and a few soldiers remained in possession of the place two or three days, luxuriating on the plunder they had saved from the fire, and then retired across the river from whence they came. Several hundred buildings were here destroyed, besides nearly every other on the frontier.

Early in the spring of this year operations commenced by raising and concentrating a new army at Buffalo for another descent upon Canada. To the command of this was appointed Gen. Jacob Brown, who had the year before displayed much skill and intrepidity at the head of a small body of militia, hastily collected, defeated and driven back a much superior force of British regulars, who had made an attack upon Sackett's Harbor. Colonel Winfield Scott and Colonel Ripley, who had just been promoted to the rank of Brigadier Generals, took positions under General Brown. On the 3d day of July two brigades, a train of artillery, and a squad of the Seneca tribe of Indians, crossed the Niagara at Black Rock without resistance, captured Fort Erie, and took up their line of march down the river in pursuit of the enemy, and overtook them on the 5th, about one mile above the mouth of Chippewa Creek. The whole British force were here found in line of battle, extending from the river back across a beautiful level plain, and not a hundred yards below a small, deep and impassable ravine, except over one narrow bridge, which the enemy had left standing, intending, as was supposed, to obstruct its passage with their artillery. But they soon discovered their mistake. Scott immedi

ately pressed his brigade across the bridge with such rapidity, attended with such a slight loss, that the British were surprised and confounded. He then formed his line within eight rods in front of the enemy without firing a gun. The whole force were soon across the bridge and in line of battle.

In the month of May I enlisted in a regiment of New York Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Swift, which concentrated and organized at the village of Batavia, forty miles east of Buffalo. On the 4th of July our regiment took up its line of march for the frontier, and at five o'clock we were within eight miles of Buffalo, about pitching our tents for the night, when the guns commenced rattling at Chippewa. Although twenty miles away the small arms were heard most plainly and distinct. This was a caution that we had better be again under way. After marching some time after dark we pitched our tents near the river. Next morning we crossed over in scows and proceeded down the river, joining the main army under Gen. Brown near the battle ground. The fight only lasted about half an hour, but was attended with most brilliant and decisive results. Our loss in killed and wounded was about 300; that of the British about 500. The British army was at this time commanded by General Riall, and this was his first trial of skill on American soil. It was said that he had attained considerable notoriety in India and on the Continent. From the battle ground they made a precipitate retreat across the Chippewa Creek, pulling up the bridge after them and taking refuge behind their batteries.

Thus matters stood for two days, repairing damages and getting the wounded out of the way. Early on the morning of the 8th preparations were made for crossing the creek by sending out a small

force some two miles up to make the attempt to construct a bridge to reach the enemy. But they thought it more prudent to be moving than to wait till the crossing was completed. Soon a cloud of dust was seen rising along the road some two miles off, caused by the rapid flight of the wagon trains of baggage, artillery and red coats. No use for a bridge up there. Our army soon centered at the old crossing place, and by the aid of scows and some repairs on the bridge they were soon across and in hot pursuit. But no enemy was seen that day; they had left their camp kettles boiling and tables set. The next day His Majesty's forces were all safely ensconced in Fort George, sixteen miles below. Our army followed them up, and after marching nine miles encamped upon the old battle ground at Queenston Heights. Here we remained in a state of inactivity for the space of about two weeks, but for what reason I never heard any one express an opinion—unless it was for the pleasure of viewing and enjoying from that lofty and picturesque eminence the scenery below, including the beautiful river to its mouth, the two forts, the country east and west for twenty miles, and nearly across Lake Ontario to Toronto.

Here our regiment was augmented by a battalion of volunteers from Pennsylvania, and numbered about 1000. We were well supplied with officers. We had General Peter B. Porter of Black Rock, (who had a short time before agreed to take Canada for a breakfast spell), Gen. John Swift of Palmyra, N. Y., Col. Philletus Swift, Lieut. Colonel Dobbins, Majors Lee and Mattison, and Brigade Inspector Stanton. A little episode to our campaign here occurred which cast a gloom over the whole division. General John Swift was a man of about 70 years of age, and had been attached to our corps without any special command, but

as a sort of fearless, care-for-nothing guerilla, who took pleasure in nocturnal excursions along the lines of pickets, at great hazard and risk of life and limb. For his companions he would choose from ten to twenty from the ranks whom he thought would best subserve his purpose. He would set out after dark on foot, and away he would go in pursuit of some unwary sentinel or guards along the British lines, from seven to ten miles off. On his third excursion he came to a farm house where were stationed a guard of about ten or more men. He immediately surrounded the house and rushed in, demanding an instant surrender. All but one threw down their guns, and as the General reached out his hand to take his, the fellow sprung back, brought up his gun and discharged it into his bowels. The soldier was instantly knocked down and brought to camp with the rest of the guard. The General was carried by his men about two miles, and left in a farm house with a single attendant. He soon after expired. Early the next morning a thousand men were dispatched to recover and bring in the body. This put an end to that kind of warfare. The soldier was tried next day by a court martial for murder, on the ground that he had fired after his surrender, but was acquitted. Our Colonel went home with the body of his brother and did not again return, leaving the command of the regiment with Lieut. Colonel Dobbins.

Here the army remained in camp about ten days, when it moved down the river and took position within a mile of the British lines and Fort George, with the intention, as all supposed, of an immediate assault of their works. But here again inactivity prevailed, and disappointment was the result. We were supplied with light artillery and three heavy long 18 pounders, drawn by six

horses each, and which were said to have been captured from the British fleet on Lake Erie by Commodore Perry the year before. They were driven along with the army from Buffalo at great inconvenience and trouble, for the express purpose of battering down the enemy's works. Our old friend, Moses Morrell, of this town, assures me that he rode one of the horses by which these big guns were drawn.

It may be here observed that during this season the British fleet had full control of Lake Ontario, in consequence of having built during the winter before several heavy armed ships, and driven ours into Sackett's Harbor. During the two days that our forces were preparing to make the final assault, Gen. Brown received intelligence that large reinforcements of troops direct from England (including a regiment that they had hired, or *borrowed* from Germany) had landed at the mouth of the river from the shipping, and were preparing to make the assault upon our lines. On the morning of the third day our tents were struck and our army put in motion on the back track to Queenston Heights, where we encamped for the night. The next day brought us back to Chippewa Creek, which we crossed, and encamped just below the old battle ground. After resting about twenty-four hours, our commanders concluded they would retreat no farther till they took a view of the pursuing foe and felt his strength.

THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

On the 25th day of July, just before sunset, General Scott, with the 1st brigade of regulars, left camp and proceeded down the river about one and a half miles, and ran right into the advance guard of the enemy, and immediately opened fire with great fury and without waiting a moment for the balance of the army pushed forward, driving the foe

before them for about half a mile. In this first attack he lost heavily. At the first fire General Brown, with the 2d brigade under Ripley, the New York and Pennsylvania Volunteers under General Porter, with all the disposable artillery, left camp on a double-quick march and proceeded to the support of Scott. By this time the whole British force had settled back and taken position in Lundy's Lane. This is a road which comes from the west, and intersects the river road at right angles, at a point directly opposite the great Falls, and about half a mile therefrom. About forty rods up the Lane to the west is a rise of ground probably about twenty feet higher than the adjacent parts, with a gradual slope in all directions. On this stood an old, small-sized, dilapidated meeting-house. Here the British had posted all their artillery, and were defending it against the foolhardy attack of Scott, when the reinforcements arrived. Here was the time and place, I suppose, where General Brown asked Colonel Miller if he could drive the enemy from that height of ground, from whence they were dealing out such utter destruction to our lines. His reply, "I'll try, sir," was thereafter handed down through all the records and history of that memorable event in honor of the person who made it; for he did not only "try" but succeeded in capturing the position after a most desperate and bloody hand-to-hand fight with swords and bayonets. The artillery men were nearly all slain while defending their guns. But in fifteen minutes the enemy had again rallied and drove our men from the heights; and three times was this bloody scene enacted, till that little spot was literally covered with dead bodies. We finally succeeded and held the ground from 10 to 12 o'clock, after the British had retired.

It has always been a mooted question

which side won the battle at Lundy's Lane. Our army was under the necessity of retiring to camp for water and provisions, as there were none upon the ground or in the immediate vicinity; and the officers, men and horses were suffering terribly for the want thereof, as most of them had left camp just before supper, with such haste that they carried nothing along. Thus the ground was relinquished for the time being, with the intention of again occupying it on the following morning. But the enemy got the start in that matter. Gens. Brown and Scott were both severely wounded, left the command to Gen. Ripley, and crossed the river the same night, leaving orders to renew the fight if practicable.

Incidents: The night, although clear, was very dark and sultry. The battle was fought entirely from the light of the guns, the bursting of shells and sky-rockets. Many ludicrous events and mishaps were produced by this state of things. Officers would frequently ride up to a squad of the enemy and take command, march and countermarch for some time, before they discovered their mistake. A Colonel of one of our regiments rode up in front of the British line and sung out, "What regiment is that?" When a reply came in a loud tone of voice, "The Royal Scots." "Royal Scots, to the right face, march!" which they did, while the Colonel took the opposite direction. A Captain Ketchum, (ominous name) whether of his own volition or from orders, took an escort of some twenty picked men, made his way around the right flank of the enemy's line, and in the rear marched silently and quickly, in single file, toward the left flank. On his route he ran directly upon a small squad of British officers, who were standing beside their horses in consultation. They were instantly surrounded with guns and bayonets and ordered

to march at a double-quick time—and woe be to him who lingered, for he immediately felt the sharp point. The Captain made no halt or enquiry till he had cleared the extreme left flank and entered our lines—and then, to his delight and astonishment, he found that his prisoners were the British Commander-in-Chief,—Gen. Riall,—and his Staff. For this act of bravery and sheer good luck, the Captain was promoted, and the General retired to private life, and his name never again appeared in military matters.

In this bloody encounter our regiment suffered but a very slight loss, as its position was assigned on the extreme left flank of the line. A Captain Hooper, from Auburn, N. Y., was found missing and never after heard of. Our Brigade-Major, Stanton, with a few others, were taken prisoners. Adjutant Poe, of the Pennsylvania corps, was also killed. Our Colonel, Dobbins, during the engagement received a spent ball in his bosom, and from the little smart it gave him—thinking he was badly wounded—turned his horse towards the camp and rode about forty rods when the thought occurred to him that he might as well ascertain the exact state of affairs within, and after feeling around for some time could find neither blood or perforation, turned his horse about and rode back to his command. This caused some dry jokes among his fellow officers.

The loss on each side was estimated at about 800; and taking into account the time occupied and the number engaged, had few parallels in modern warfare. I think the great share of the loss in killed and wounded was in Scott's brigade, which probably did not exceed 1600 men, and which were foolishly driven with such impetuosity against the whole of the enemy of some 5,000. Instead of being promoted to the rank of Major-

General, as he was, for his conduct in that affair, greater justice would have been meted out by his being cashiered. He certainly showed himself utterly regardless of human life, and willing to make any sacrifice for his own personal renown.

I was at this time officiating as cook for the regimental and staff officers, and my duties required my presence in the big tent, but was in a good position, by looking across a big bend in the river, to see and hear the terrible crash of arms by the light and sound thereof. At twelve o'clock the whole remaining force returned to camp and finished the repast they had so suddenly left five hours before. Worn down with extreme fatigue and hunger, all were soon asleep in their tents, except the few who were placed out on the picket guard. But their slumbers were of short duration. As the sun arose the next morning the long roll was sounded for all to fall into the ranks and answer to their names as the roll was called. Here was ascertained for the first time the number absent and missing. I looked along the line of Scott's brigade for a few moments, and saw the wonderful thinning out of many of the companies, apparently reduced to a corporal's guard. But decimated as they were, the whole available force was soon under way, with the intention of occupying the ground left the night before. After proceeding about one mile they discovered that the enemy had full possession with a large force, and busily engaged in building large fires with rails, and burning the dead that had been left upon the field. Here was cremation put into practice on a large scale. Our army here came to a halt, and after viewing the situation and its surroundings, and holding a council of war, it was decided again that "prudence was the better part of valor," and all again returned to

camp. In less than half an hour from that time the tents were all struck and the whole army under a quick movement up the river towards Fort Erie, where we arrived next morning, after encamping in the open fields at Black Rock, and appeasing our hunger mostly on uncooked salt pork.

Fort Erie was strengthened by long lines of breast works and batteries, running parallel with the river, and some fifteen rods distant. The British forces soon made their appearance, surrounded the fort, and commenced the erection of batteries within one mile distant, which were pretty thoroughly covered and protected by a thick growth of timber and underbrush. About the first of August they opened their batteries by a masterly display of shot, shell and rockets. These last were called "Congreve Rockets,"—after the name of their inventor,—and went out of use soon after the termination of that war. They were constructed of a wooden tube, about four inches in diameter, three feet long, enclosed in strong iron bands, a small bomb shell in one end, and filled with alternate layers of dry and wet powder, so that every little explosion kept the thing in motion till it arrived at its destination, when an explosion took place, scattering the whole into a thousand fragments. They were so elevated that they very much resembled a comet while passing through the air on a dark night. They were frequently very destructive. One of them killed six horses that were hitched in the rear of the camp.

Thus cooped up and unable to recross the river with safety, our army suffered terribly for the next forty-eight days. During the whole of this time, with slight intermissions, the cannonading was kept up on both sides, night and day. More or less were killed and wounded every day, notwithstanding the men were

screened considerably by the throwing up of a large number of lateral breast-works. Thus operations continued till the 14th of the month, when the first attempt was made to storm the fort and its surroundings. The entire encampment extended up the lake, from the old stone fort, about one hundred rods, where a tower, some twenty feet in height, had been erected, called "Towson's Battery," and in command of Major Towson. Their plan was to advance simultaneously at both ends and in the centre. Their advance was made on the upper works by some sailors and marines in boats from the lake, who proceeded cautiously under the cover of darkness, with the intention of landing in the rear of the works; but they were discovered in time, and almost totally annihilated before they made a landing. The centre was so obstructed by fallen timber and brush-wood that nothing was there accomplished. At the lower end they pushed the troops with so much vigor and determination that they actually opened a passage to the top of the fort and were pouring in, driving our gunners from their posts, and for a few moments all seemed to be lost, when the magazine underneath suddenly exploded, sending more than 200 of the assailants into the air—burned, killed, mangled and bruised in a most shocking manner. Thus ended the attack. The enemy quickly retreated to their old quarters, with a loss of about 400 men, leaving a large number of their wounded in our hands.

A hospital for British prisoners had been established in Buffalo, and after our retreat from Lundy's Lane my father had been detailed and assigned to its charge, which may explain my being there as an assistant. This brought some fifty of the poor, miserable, mangled specimens of humanity into our immediate presence and care on the day following. Many were

yet insensible, and unable to move a muscle, although nothing was visible to indicate their wounds. But the worst cases were those who had been burnt by the explosion of the powder magazine. Some of their faces and hands were so crisped that the skin peeled off like a baked pig. Among the rest was a boy about my age, whom I thought would survive with a little extra care and attention. I found him lying upon the floor, with a little straw scattered about, unable to point out the seat of his troubles, and concluded that I would make an effort to bring him up—in which I happily succeeded in a few days. One poor fellow, with a marine dress, lay in a bunk near by, totally insensible to all his surroundings, and only able to move one leg, which he continued to draw up and down constantly for about three days, when he expired. He was a fine specimen of physical manhood, and had the mark of a musket ball, which had just penetrated the skull.

History or tradition hath but little to say about the cause of the blowing up of Fort Erie, whether by design or accident. It took place at any rate at a very critical and opportune time. I never heard that any officer avowed any participation in the transaction, and as no one ever knew who touched the fatal spark to the magazine, or laid the trail, I am inclined to the belief that the perpetrator of the deed was his own executioner. It was generally considered a just retaliation for the affair at Little York the year before. I have seen it stated that our loss was 84 and that of the assailants 900, but I think the latter too high by one-half.

This repelled assault and defeat seemed not to be much noticed by the besiegers, as their guns were in full play again as soon as they supposed their wounded were out of the way. A few days after General Gaines came and took command

of the post. In about a week I took an opportunity to cross the Lake from Buffalo, which is here four miles wide, to see how the war was progressing. On landing upon a smooth limestone rock, nearly an acre in size, the first thing that attracted my attention, while walking across this rock towards the encampment, was a round twelve pound ball, striking a few yards from me and bounding away some half a mile farther into the lake—and then another from the same direction, crashing like an explosion from beneath the rock. I began to think this was not a very eligible situation for any one who had much respect for his personal safety. On proceeding a little farther along, I saw a small bevy of officers emerging from a shattered wooden building, making their way toward the landing, one of whom was wounded and limping badly. I soon learned that it was Major-General Gaines. He immediately crossed the lake and did not return again during the war. I passed on to the building and had the curiosity to look in. The floor and inside were shivered to atoms, and the furniture and debris covered with dirt. I was told that the General and his Staff were sitting around the dinner table when a shell came down through the roof, through the table into the ground and there exploded. My curiosity was by this time quite satisfied, as may well be supposed, and after tarrying about an hour I followed the General back to Buffalo.

The situation of our little army, which still lay cooped up in Fort Erie, was every day becoming more critical, and excited the greatest solicitude throughout the country. A crisis finally arrived that called forth all the sympathies and patriotism of Western New York. By order of Gov. Tompkins a heavy draft was now made upon all the militia in that portion of the State, and about 3000

were soon in Buffalo. But now the great question arose how were they to be made available to any useful purpose? There was no authority to take or send them across the lines against their will or consent, and to obtain this much skill and tact were required. Accordingly, they were all paraded in line and volunteers called for. Several of the most prominent of the officers—among whom was Gen. Peter B. Porter—rode along in the front, making the most urgent appeals to their manhood and love of country to cross the river and rescue those who were in such imminent peril. A line was soon formed on the opposite side by volunteers, which was constantly augmented by those more courageous than their fellows. Then, again, there would be a stand-still till the officers gave a few more lectures in front—and thus the number continued to increase for the best part of a day, until there were only about a hundred left who were unwilling to cross. These volunteers crossed the river or lake the same night, armed and equipped. They were drilled some ten days before they were called to a test of their courage and prowess.

By this time Gen. Brown had so far recovered from his wounds that he appeared again and took command of the army in Fort Erie; and by the 17th day of September plans were so far matured that a *sortie* was to be made with a determination to raise the siege. Accordingly in the afternoon of that day three columns were marched out and made direct for the batteries, which were scaled and silenced with the greatest alacrity, sweeping around and putting them all to flight. Then commenced a desperate running fight, mostly in small broken squads on both sides, through the timber and brush. In this kind of skirmishing our backwoods militia-men had a very decided advantage over the British forces, who

at this point seemed to be composed of a great measure of Germans, who had been sold or hired out as fighting machines, by some of the petty sovereigns in Europe. Many of them threw away their arms, and in their attempts to run would find themselves full length upon the ground, quite willing and anxious to be taken prisoners. A great many personal exploits and adventures were related among that day's doings. The fight was of short duration, but was prolific of grand results, compared to the numbers lost on both sides. The British soon gathered their scattered forces and again made their way back to Chippewa, leaving all their siege guns in our hands.

This would have ended the war on that frontier but for the arrival of Gen. Izard, with about 5,000 regular troops from Plattsburgh, about the first of November. They had been on the march for over three months—for what purpose I never heard explained. It may be set down in the catalogue of follies occurring in that war. This reinforcement crossed the river and went to Chippewa to look after the whereabouts of the enemy. A slight skirmish ensued, and finding the enemy rather obstinate and not disposed to move along any farther, and thinking it about time to seek winter quarters, our whole force left the Canada side, bringing along all their munitions of war and public property.

In December following a treaty of peace between the two countries was perfected and signed at the city of Ghent in Flanders, by five Commissioners, who had been sent out a few months previous, to wit:—John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, Richard Rush, Wm. H. Crawford, J. A. Bayard, and two on the part of England. But owing to the tardy manner of communicating intelligence in those days it was not known till some time after the great battle of New Or-

leans had been fought, on the 8th of January, and the British army defeated with great slaughter.

"Now was the winter of our discontent
"Made glorious by the men of Ghent."

I have now said more in regard to the events of that war than I had originally designed, and will close by saying that after a lapse of sixty years I have been placed upon the pension roll of survivors, under an act of Congress passed February 14th, 1871, granting eight dollars per month during their lives, to all who served for the term of sixty days.

A new epoch in my existence was now about to open up, and about a year after the close of the war I began to think more seriously of my prospects and course of life. I had arrived at an age—although at that time too poorly appreciated—when all those just germinating into manhood must begin to cast around in order to light upon some occupation which appears most suitable to their physical and mental capacities. How often do young men pass these few years of their lives in idleness and a total unconcern of what they are to be, or can be, when they are thrown upon the world under the necessity of a total reliance upon their own resources. I had read the life of Benjamin Franklin, and learned how and by what means he had wrought his way from a candle maker to be the greatest philosopher of his age, by the most rigid economy and perseverance and the little light acquired in a printing office. Well, I one day found myself in the then small town of Buffalo, on Main street, with two shillings in my pocket, with here and there a scattering house—not reading the sign-boards with a loaf of bread under my arm, as did Franklin in the streets of Philadelphia, for they were too few and far between—but I did see one which read "Printing Office." It had a small book store on the ground floor, where I concluded it would be no

intrusion to enter; and after sticking a cigar in my mouth—a good deal after the fashion of Young America now-a-days, which I have ever since looked upon as one of the silliest acts of my boyhood days—I boldly made my first step towards becoming a Ben. Franklin. This proved to be the place where the *Buffalo Gazette* was published, the same old paper that I had been reading before the war, and brought to our door by the famous Mr. Drinkwater, heretofore mentioned. It was the first paper started west of Canandaigua, or on the borders of Lake Erie, and during the troubles on the border was published fourteen miles to the eastward. After manoeuvring around for some time I ventured to enquire if they wanted an apprentice? After some hesitation, and taking a view of my caliber and physique, replied that they did. This was rather flattering to my pride (if I had any) and Ben. Franklin again popped into my mind, as I had formed an idea that it required something far above the common race of mortals to become a printer—more especially as old Faust, the first inventor of type, had been charged by the Pope with being in league with the Devil. But I had good reasons afterward to greatly modify my ideas on that point. Suffice it to say that I soon entered into an agreement to give my time and attention to their interests for the term of four years, at an annual stipend of forty, fifty, sixty, and eighty dollars per year.

The proprietors of this paper were two brothers who had graduated from the office of the *Ontario Repository*, then a pioneer paper. Their names were Smith H. and Hezekiah A. Salisbury, both practical printers. The eldest was a pretty shrewd business man, and a good editorial writer. He severed his connection with the paper in the spring of 1818, and the name of the paper was changed to that

of Buffalo *Patriot*, and some years afterwards the *Daily Commercial Advertiser*, emanated from the same establishment, which is continued to this day. Smith H. Salisbury was not successful in business, and died in Rochester at the age of about 50. Hezekiah held a connection with the paper for many years; was frugal, honest, and upright in all his dealings with others, and continued in laborious toil to quite an advanced age. Guy H. was an only son of the elder Salisbury, was a fine writer, edited the *Commercial Advertiser* for some years, and finally fell a victim to the intoxicating cup.

The paper had then a circulation of about one thousand, and the time occupied in striking off this edition was two days with two hands at the press. The same amount of work in these days is done in two hours. I was assigned to this branch of the business with another boy of about my age. Our press was after the old pattern used in the days of Franklin, with a short screw and lever, and printed one page at each *pull*—and, therefore, required four solid jerks to every sheet. We took turn about at the lever for each ten quires of paper on one side—*i. e.*, one put the ink upon the type while the other took the impression. The present generation of printers would be greatly amused to witness the manner of inking the type in those days. We made two balls of wool, covered with green sheep skin, about the size of a man's head. To these was attached perpendicular handles, and after applying the ink to the outer surface each page of the type was briskly struck eight or ten times. The present mode of applying the ink by means of rollers, made of glue and molasses, came into vogue about the year 1830.

But to proceed with my narrative. At this time post coaches were run from Al-

bany to Buffalo twice a week, carrying the mails. From thence westward mailbags were carried on horseback only, up to 1820. Early in the year of 1816 a second paper was started in Buffalo by David M. Day, called the *Buffalo Journal*. Late in the season of this year a printing press was pioneered forty-five miles farther west, and the *Chautauqua Gazette* was started by James Percival and James Hull, at the village of Canadaway, then containing about 50 houses. It took its name from the Indian name of the creek which runs through the town. But on the advent of a newspaper the people thought a new name for their town was imperatively demanded, and consequently a meeting was called and by a vote it was christened Fredonia—which name it retains “even unto the present day.” Mr. Percival remained connected with the paper but a few weeks when he relinquished his interest to his partner.

In March, 1817, I was sent on to assist in the printing of this paper, where I remained seven months, and returned to Buffalo. In our office here our associates were John Whitely, a journeyman, and two apprentices, named Snow and J. J. Daly. Whitely was a soldier in the 4th regiment U. S. Army; was at the battle of Tippecanoe under Gen. Harrison, and was discharged at the close of the war. He was a gutter drunkard, and died in a short time. Daly was a fine jovial chap of Irish descent; afterwards was engaged in mercantile business, and died in Cleveland. In the spring of 1818, by a change of proprietors of the paper I was released from my engagement as an apprentice, but continued in the office during the summer.

In August of this year I was present at Black Rock and saw the first steamboat launched that entered the waters of Lake Erie. It was called *Walk-in-the-Water*,

and was a memorable event of that day. At this time there was no harbor at Buffalo of sufficient depth of water for a craft of that size, and owing to the crude manner of constructing engines at that time, she had very great difficulty in getting up the river into the lake, consequently she was obliged to wait for a “horn breeze,” as the sailors term it, and hitch on eight or ten pair of oxen by means of a long rope or cable, together with all the steam that could be raised, she was enabled to make the ascent. Sometimes the cable would break and the craft float back to the place from whence she started.

In September of this year I was engaged for one month in Erie, Penna., to assist in putting in operation the first newspaper in that town, entitled the *Erie Gazette*, by Mr. Ziba Willes. Sometime previous to this, however, I think a paper had been issued there called the *Genius of the Lakes*, and printed on a sheet of foolscap, but had been discontinued. I never saw but one number of that remarkable *Genius*. I therefore set up most of the type for the first number of the *Erie Gazette*, which I believe is still flourishing, under many improvements and transformations.

The winter following I tarried in Fredonia till the first day of April, when I put in practice the advice of Horace Greeley—although not uttered till forty years afterwards—“young man, go west.” On that day my earthly possessions were consolidated and amounted all told, to a horse, saddle, bridle, a valise, and \$25.00 in cash. The first day was over a rough road, through a snow-storm. My destination then was Cleveland, where I arrived in four days. In those times that was considered pretty near “the west,” if not the “jumping off place.” The night before I arrived there I tarried at an “inn” four miles east of Painesville,

kept by one Daniel Olds. Early next morning I proceeded on my way, passing over a very long bridge across Grand River; and on rising the bank on the western side I noticed a few houses, but tarried not till I arrived at the “inn” of Capt. Clark Parker in Mentor. Here, while taking some refreshments, I enquired the name of the place I had just passed through. The lady in waiting said it was Painesville, and by some “the openings.” Mrs. Parker died in the latter part of 1875, being some 90 years old.

After riding that day a distance of 34 miles, over a tolerable good road for part of the way, for that season of the year, I arrived in the village of Cleveland, then containing about 200 inhabitants, as I should judge, as the census taken next year, in the whole township, numbered 606. There were then three warehouses on the river, and on Superior street three hotels, to wit: the principal one was kept by Noble H. Merwin, on the south side near the foot of the street; one where the Forest City Hotel now stands, kept by Doct. Don McIntosh; the other on the north side, between Bank and Seneca streets, kept by Capt. Philo Taylor. The merchants were Orlando Cutter, foot of Superior st.; Nathan Perry, in a small one story wooden building, a few rods east of Water st.; Irad Kelley, at the head of Bank st.; and S. S. Dudley, a little further up. On reconnoitering the town I soon discovered a printing office, which I should now judge was near the corner of Seneca st., in an open space and some distance from any other building. It was about 10 by 20 feet, and had been constructed for weighing hay. The front end had a projecting roof, under which swung four log chains, which, when anything was to be weighed, were hitched to the four wheels of a wagon, and raised from the ground by means of

a long wooden beam or lever, one end of which occupied a good portion of the printing office—so that the editor or printer could conveniently attend to the scales when not otherwise employed. The paper was called the *Cleveland Register*, and had been put in operation the year before by Andrew Logan, who brought his press and type from Beaver, Penna., which were so badly worn (nearly down to the third nick, as printers say of poor type) that the impressions were nearly illegible. Mr. Logan was a very small man, of a very dark complexion, and was by some said to be a lineal descendant of the famous Mingo Chief. The *Register* was discontinued a few months after the establishment of the *Herald*.

In the month of June following I became 21 years of age, and began to look around for the most favorable location for a newspaper. The Connecticut Western Reserve was yet, comparatively, a wilderness, with but small settlements in perhaps no more than half the townships, the inhabitants poor—many discouraged by “hard times,” incessant toil in chopping off the heavy timber which covered the whole country, and their indebtedness for the soil. But one newspaper, beside the *Register*, had as yet made its appearance in “New Connecticut.” This was at Warren, Trumbull county, and called the *Trump of Fame*, in 1812, by Thomas D. Webb, a lawyer, with one leg,—and in after years very extensively known throughout all Northern Ohio. Well, *The Genius of the Lakes*, and *Trump of Fame*, I thought were pretty high specimens of western enterprise; but the latter soon took the name of *Western Reserve Chronicle*, and published by Hapgood & Quinby, and has been continued to the present time.

The Western Reserve was then composed of the counties of Huron, Medina, Portage, Cuyahoga, Geauga, Ashtabula,

and Trumbull—all which, in the year following, contained a population of 56,747. Here, thought I, must be a pretty fair location for the establishment of a new paper—more especially as nine-tenths of the people were supposed to be of New England extraction. I soon determined to try the experiment and issued proposals for publishing a paper to be called the *Cleveland Herald*. But here a dilemma was soon encountered in the shape of an empty pocket, which was a source of much affliction and misery in those early days, as it has been with a large majority of the craft from that time down, as I verily believe. But this item of difficulty was doomed to be cast aside by some expedient yet unknown.

About this time I made my first voyage on Lake Erie by a passage to Dunkirk, on board a small schooner of about twenty tons, laden with pig-iron and sundries, and entirely destitute of anything in the shape of a cabin to protect passengers from the scorching rays of the sun by day or the damp breezes of the night. On this there was a crew of three men and four passengers. By the aid of land breezes in the course of two days we had arrived in the vicinity of the Peninsula above Erie, when we encountered a dead calm, and moved not for the space of three days. Here was a condition of things presented which cannot be described only to those who have been in the same predicament. It is generally conceded that a storm is preferable to a calm, and those on board our little craft were doomed to a pretty splendid exhibition of both; as at near the close of the fifth day a gentle breeze sprang up from off land, which was hailed by all on board with the most lively demonstrations of pleasure and delight.

We soon swept by the Peninsula, and had proceeded some ten miles below Erie

as the darkness of the night set in, accompanied by foreboding and portentous looking clouds from off the land, not more than three miles away. The wind increased in violence every moment, and soon the waters of the Lake were in a turmoil and commotion, the swells running almost mountains high. The sails then commenced ripping and tearing, and in half an hour there was not a rag left standing, and the little frail bark was scudding under bare poles, hugging the shore as much as possible, but still making leeway very fast toward the Canada shore, where we expected to land before the dawn of the morning. As we proceeded, however, the wind veered a little in our favor, and we were enabled to hold our course down the Lake and not entirely to lose sight of the lights, which were constantly discernible on land along the shore. The three other passengers, to be clear of the storm, found a place directly under the main hatch, barely sufficient to lie down, into which they crawled and laid themselves down at full length, where, I learned the next morning, they had enjoyed a sound sleep. But I, sink or swim, preferred to see the thing fairly played out, with my eyes wide open; so I took a seat flat upon the deck near the man at the helm and fast hold of a rope. Here I sat for about five long hours watching my chances for life or death, most of the time firmly believing that the latter would be the result—which feeling I observed strongly pervaded the minds of the sailors. However, as the wind began to abate, I fell asleep, strange as it may seem, and awoke as the wind veered round and checked further progress in that direction. We found by a little observation that we had passed our port of destination some fifteen miles, and the sails were being again rigged for a retrograde movement, and we soon entered

the harbor of Dunkirk. To those who have been accustomed to the navigation of Lake Erie at all seasons of the year this may be a very trifling affair, but to me its vivid impressions will endure and only end with life.

My second voyage on the Lake was on my return trip. After making an overland journey to Buffalo I took passage from Black Rock to Cleveland on board the steamer *Walk-in-the-Water*, heretofore noticed, and ascended the Niagara River through the aid and assistance of that “horn breeze,” before described. The usual speed of this boat was about eight miles an hour, without the use of sails, and made a trip to Detroit in about eight days. We arrived off Cleveland at near the close of the second day, under a heavy N. W. gale of wind and a heavy sea. At that time there was no entrance into the harbor, except for very small craft and lighters. It was soon discovered that the boat could proceed no farther against the wind, and could not put back without great peril. Finally all the anchors were cast with the alternative of riding out the gale or going on to the beach—and I think the latter was most expected by all on board. The gale continued for three nights and two days without much abatement, and on the morning of the third day the passengers were taken ashore in small boats, among whom were the late Gov. Wood, wife and child.

I now commenced looking about for material aid to bring about my plan for putting in operation the *Cleveland Herald*. With this view I went to Erie and conferred with my old friend Willes, who had the year before started the *Erie Gazette*. After due consultation and deliberation he agreed to remove his press and type to Cleveland after the expiration of the first year in that place. So, on the 19th of October, 1819, without a single

subscriber, the first number of the Cleveland *Herald* was issued. Some of the difficulties and perplexities now to be encountered may here be mentioned as matters of curiosity to the present generation. Our mails were then all carried on horseback. We had one mail a week from Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Columbus, and Sandusky. The paper on which we printed was transported in wagons from Pittsburgh, and at some seasons the roads were in such a condition that it was impossible to procure it in time for our publication days. Advance payments for newspapers at that time were never thought of. In a few weeks our subscription list amounted to about 300, at which point it stood for about two years, with no very great variation. These were scattered all over the Western Reserve, except in the county of Trumbull. In order to extend our circulation to its greatest capacity we were obliged to resort to measures and expedients which would appear rather ludicrous at the present day. For instance, each and every week after the paper had been struck off I mounted a horse, with a valise filled with copies of the *Herald*, and distributed them at the doors of all subscribers between Cleveland and Painesville—a distance of 80 miles—leaving a package at the latter place; and on returning diverged two miles to what is known as Kirtland Flats, where another package was left for distribution, which occupied fully two days. I frequently carried a tin horn to notify the yeomanry of the arrival of the latest news, which was generally forty days from Europe and ten days from New York. This service was performed through the fall, winter, and spring, and through rain, snow, and mud, with only one additional charge of fifty cents a year on the subscription price; and as the number of papers thus carried averaged about sixty,

the profits may be readily calculated.

Then, again, in those days cash payments for anything was very seldom thought of. Corn was the most staple article of exchange. This was most generally delivered at some distillery in the neighborhood where it was transformed into whiskey, and again sold for about twenty cents a gallon. In this way I think I was once the owner of a whole barrel of that *blue ruin*. Almost every township then contained one or more of these “appendages of advanced civilization,” and the hardy pioneer really supposed that little improvement could be realized till his distillery was in a flourishing condition.

In looking at the files of the *Herald* I find the first article of the first number a very strong remonstrance against the great evils of American Slavery, which, if it had appeared twenty years later in those columns, would almost have produced a bonfire of its press and types. The same number also contains an account of the death of the hero of Put-in-Bay, whose colossal statue now adorns the Park in the city of Cleveland, Com. Perry, and which reads as follows:

“DIED, at Port de Espagne, in the Island of Trinidad, on board the U. S. Schr. *Nonsuch*, on the 28th August last, Com. Oliver Hazard Perry. His malady was a malignant fever, with which he was seized at the mouth of the River Orinoco. So virulent was the disease that on the 4th day after its commencement he was reduced to the lowest state of existence. He was buried with military honors at Port de Espagne, which lies in the Gulf of Paria. The troops of the Island of Trinidad, a large concourse of citizens, together with the officers and crews of the U. S. Schooners *John Adams* and *Nonsuch*, formed the procession.

“Com. Perry was the eldest son of Christopher R. Perry, Esq., of the U. S. Navy, and was at the time of his death 34 years of age. He entered the service in 1798 as a midshipman on board the sloop of war *Gen. Green*, which at that time was commanded by his father. During the war with Tripoli he served in the Mediterranean Squadron. In 1812 he commanded the flotilla of gunboats stationed in the harbor of New York, with the rank of Master and Commander. In 1813 he directed in chief the operations of the American Squadron on Lake Erie; and on the 10th of September in that year gained the memorable naval victory which rendered his name imperishable.”

In farther reviewing some of the subsequent numbers of the *Herald* I find that we were wofully led astray by the prevailing sentiments of nearly the whole civilized and uncivilized portions of the community of our common country—that there was no wrong in, but rather a duty, to lend our aid in returning fugitive slaves to their pretended owners. I may say that in this matter we were tempted for a short time beyond what we could bear; and now, as the survivor of that print, after a lapse of fifty-eight years, I feel humbly to ask the forgiveness of mankind for the perpetration of so foolish and dastardly an act as to admit to its columns the advertisements of man-thieves, offering large rewards for the apprehension of the bondman. Flaming handbills were frequently forwarded to our office from the borders of Virginia across the Ohio River, accompanied by liberal sums of money to pay for their insertion. At that time this was no more heeded or thought to be disgraceful than for a bottle of whiskey to be kept constantly standing on a clergyman's table to tempt the appetite of his visitors. We yielded to the temptation, and gave publicity to the two notices following, which I here copy for the wonderment of the present generation, few of whom, I presume, ever beheld its like:

500 DOLLARS REWARD.

Ran away from the subscriber, in Clarksburgh, Virginia, on the 6th of the present month, the following negro men, viz.:

MARTIN AND SAM.

Martin is a very handsome negro, about 5 feet 6 or 8 inches high, compactly built, of a light black complexion; his teeth usually yellow from the chewing of tobacco; not talkative; erect in his appearance, and about twenty years of age. Had on when he absconded a new fur hat, black cloth coat, white woolen pantaloons, &c.

Sam is very black; 5 ft. 9 or 10 inches high; about 30 years of age; stoops while walking; has large, white eyes; free and easy to talk; blows much from a phthisical

complaint; laughs readily; took a quantity of clothing with him, and wore a white fur hat, blue and white roundabout, and pantaloons.

They have made their way into the State of Ohio and may be found in the direction of Cleveland and Canada. The above reward of 500 dollars will be paid to any person who will apprehend and deliver said slaves to us at Clarksburgh, or 300 dollars will be given if they are secured in jail so that we get them again; or 200 dollars will be given to any person who will particularly inform us, by letter or otherwise, where they are—which information shall by us be deemed confidential. * * *

EDWARD B. JACKSON.
JONATHAN JACKSON.

April 10, 1820.

150 DOLLARS REWARD.

Ran away from the subscriber in Clarksburgh, Virginia, on the 19th of April, a negro slave named BEN. He is a handsome negro, of a yellowish complexion, about 5 feet 10 inches high, 35 or 40 years of age. Had on when he went away an old white hat, and a blue linsey hunting shirt: took away with him a large bundle of clothing. He was seen about ten miles below Parkersburgh, at which place he crossed the Ohio River and is supposed to be now in that neighborhood or somewhere in the State of Ohio. The above reward of 150 dollars will be given if he is returned to me, or 50 dollars if he is secured so that I get him again. And I hereby authorize any citizen of the U. S. to seize, arrest, and transport the said negro to the State of Virginia, or to detain the said slave in any jail or elsewhere until I can send for him, hereby giving to the said citizen or citizens full power and authority to act in my behalf in the premises, and ratifying and making whatever they or any of them may do therein irrevocable. As witness my hand and seal.

JAMES PINDALL.

Whether through our agency or otherwise, the chivalry of Old Virginia ever overtook these “good looking” negroes, I am unable to say. After a little reflection, however, we concluded they must resort to other expedients than the columns of the *Herald* to recover their locomotive property.

This year I gave my first vote; for Governor of Ohio, Ethan Allen Brown,

and for Representative to State Legislature, Reuben Wood. A month later my vote was given for eight Electors for Ohio, who cast their votes for James Monroe as President of the United States. This being his second term he received every vote, except one from New Hampshire—an anomaly in our history as a nation, before or since, save the election of General Washington.

At the end of two years my connection with the *Herald* ceased by mutual consent and limitation—my partner, Mr. Ziba Willes continuing its publication. Our debts, due and outstanding, were found to be about \$1,000, scattered in small sums all over the Western Reserve. Printers can form a pretty accurate estimate of the amount that was actually realized in its collection.

In taking my leave of the *Herald*, I feel like paying a passing tribute to the memory of my late partner. He was never married; was of a kind, sociable disposition, friendly to all, and was one of the noblest works of God,—an honest man. He was considerably deaf, which rendered his conversations with friends somewhat disagreeable. As he had premonitions of approaching consumption, he retired from the *Herald* in 1826, and sought the peace and quietude of a brother's friendly home in Bedford—the late Luther Willes, Esq. He closed his mortal career, after six months confinement, on the 13th of February, 1830, aged 35 years. His brother Luther followed him with the same disease in 1833, aged 44 years. His wife still survives, at the age of 80 years. She was the sister of the late Hon. John W. Willey.

After the retirement of Mr. Willes his successor was a Mr. Prime, who continued its publication only for a brief period, and died of consumption. He was succeeded by John R. St. John, who was one of the children of that resolute mo-

ther who saved her dwelling from the torch of the savages in Buffalo in 1813, heretofore referred to. He continued its publication a few years, and died in Lockport a few years since. The further progress of the *Herald* I shall now leave to the present proprietors, who are said to be worth a hundred thousand, or such a matter.

In the spring of 1822 I came to Painesville, with a view of starting a paper to be called "THE PAINESVILLE TELEGRAPH." By this time business prospects began to appear a little more favorable, and the country seemed to be gradually rising from its torpidity and despondency through the instrumentality of fair returns to the farming interests, and the near approach to completion of the Erie Canal. To that gigantic work of internal communication with the outer world the State of Ohio and all the vast country bordering on the chain of great lakes was early indebted for their start in wealth and greatness.

Business men had also been greatly relieved by amendments and repeals of some of our most odious laws for the collection of debts. These were called stop, or stay laws, which gave to debtors the privilege of satisfying an execution for debt by turning out to the creditor all such property as he chose—such as cracked bottles, jugs, minus handles, sap buckets, broken kettles, fence-rails, cordwood, &c., all of which were appraised by his neighbors, and must be sold for one-half that amount.

In the spring of 1822 my location in Painesville marked a new era in my career of life, and I entered into it with alacrity, high hopes, and a buoyant spirit. The county of Lake was not then set off from Geauga, and the seat of justice was Chardon, which then contained a small frame Court House, and a Jail constructed of logs. Capt. Edward Paine,

Jr., was County Clerk and Recorder of Deeds; Charles C. Paine, Treasurer; and Eleazar Paine, County Auditor. Hon. George Tod of Brier Hill, and father of the late Gov. Tod, was Presiding Judge of all the Courts on the Western Reserve. The Associate Judges of Geauga county were Vene Stone of Newbury, John W. Scott, Parkman, and Solomon Kingsbury of Painesville. Hezekiah King, Sheriff.

In Painesville the lawyers were Samuel W. Phelps, Stephen Mathews, Noah D. Mattoon, and James H. Paine and Ralph Granger at Fairport. The Doctors were John H. Mathews, Storm Rosa Dr. Holiday. Jedediah Hills was Postmaster, Justice of the Peace, and Druggist. Wm. Lattimore and Benj. F. Tracy were the only merchants. The following were then the only families, or nearly so, on the town plat, viz:

ON STATE STREET.

William Kerr,	Eli Bond,
Robert Moodey,	Abijah Merrill,
Benj. Knights,	Mrs. Wheeler,
Henry Babcock,	Ira Seeley,
S. W. Phelps,	Jedediah Hills,
Gideon Crofoot,	Wm. Lattimore,
George Warner,	J. H. Mathews,
Clark Blodgett,	Joseph's Huntington,
Solomon Kingsbury,	Milo Harris.

ON MAIN STREET,

Joel Scott,	Edward Partridge,
Wm. Holbrook,	B. P. Cahoon,
Hezekiah King,	Carlos Granger,
Calvin Cole,	Milo Phelps,
C. Crofts,	Milton Armstrong,
Dr. Holiday,	Harcey Abels,
G. A. D. Streeter,	Warren French,
Sebastian Adams,	E. Champney,
Squier Spring,	F. Billette,
Ebenezer Williams,	Thomas Brooks,
Marvin Huntington,	

ON WASHINGTON STREET.

David Hull,	Dr. Storm Rosa,
James H. Paine,	Capt. James Beard.

ON HIGH STREET.

Hardin Cleaveland.

ON ST. CLAIR STREET.

Rev. Amasa Loomis, Simon Russell.

The exports from the county were then mostly destined to Detroit and Mackinaw, and the greater portion was in whiskey. Large quantities of maple sugar were received in exchange from the

Western Indians. This was transported in birch bark boxes, which were called mococks, and containing from twenty to fifty pounds. This sugar was of the most disgusting character; being so saturated with hair, it was supposed that they cooked most of their game in the sugar-kettles while boiling, without ever being skinned.

There were several distilleries in the neighborhood, which transformed most of the rye and corn into *blue ruin*. One was located on the west bank of the river, a little above the site of the old arch bridge, and run by William Kerr and Robert Moodey; and one nearly opposite run by Jacob French. The most extensive one was located under the hill below where the brewery now stands, and owned by Holbrook & Streeter. These appendages to pioneer life receded on the advance of civilization. They, however, left their marks enstamped upon community for many years. Many of our best citizens fell a prey to the devouring monster.

There was then only one bridge across Grand River in this neighborhood. It was located a few rods below the mill of Mr. Bigler, and was, I think, some 500 feet in length. It was carried away by the ice the following year.

Of all the names above mentioned the only survivors are Mrs. J. F. Huntington and Mr. and Mrs. Milo Harris; but several of the second and third generations are yet here.

After many difficulties and trials had been encountered, the first number of the PAINESVILLE TELEGRAPH was sent out on the 16th day of July, 1822, with five advertisements and about 150 subscribers. No political questions were then agitating the minds of the people—all was peace and quietness—lethargy and apathy prevailing to an *alarming* extent. Few dreamed that the elements of

discord and strife were again to be lashed into fury at the Presidential election then fast approaching. At that time political conventions had not been *invented*. It was every one for himself. Our Congressional District was then composed of the counties of Portage, Trumbull, Ashtabula and Geauga. The candidates were Elisha Whittlesey and Eli Baldwin of Trumbull, Samuel W. Phelps of Geauga, and Nehemiah King of Ashtabula. Mr. Whittlesey was elected by 120 majority, and was kept in the same position for fourteen years. Jeremiah Morrow was elected Governor; Samuel Wheeler, of Unionville, Representative to the State Legislature; and James R. Ford, Sheriff.

In January following a mail coach commenced running from Buffalo to Erie, and in the summer ensuing was extended to Cleveland. On the 1st day of February, 1823, the first murder in the county was perpetrated in LeRoy, on the person of Zophar Warner, by Benjamin Wright, by stabbing. He was tried and convicted, and hung in Chardon the 15th day of May following. On the trial the public prosecutor, Mr. Alfred Phelps, was assisted by Mr. Whittlesey, and the defence was conducted by J. H. Paine and N. D. Mattoon. This was the first and the last conviction for murder in Geauga or Lake counties.

On the 10th day of February, 1823, the first Agricultural Society of Geauga Co. was organized, with a membership of about 100. Hon. Peter Hitchcock was the first President; Eleazer Hickcox and Samuel W. Phelps, Vice Presidents; Ralph Granger, L. G. Storrs, and Lewis Hunt, Corresponding Secretaries; Eleazer Paine, Recording Secretary; and Edward Paine, Jr., Treasurer.

As the bears and wolves had nearly vacated this section of country before my arrival, I am unable to relate many

remarkable adventures in that direction. But as there were then a few wild cats lurking around I will here produce from my old files an incident that transpired that same year; and not being an eye-witness I am unable to say what proportion was fact or fiction. But as the latter commodity is more sought after in these times it may not be worth while to speculate on that point. So here it is:

BATTLE ROYAL.

DESPERATE CONFLICT WITH A WILD CAT.

A few days since Mr. Rial Corning, of Mentor, about six miles from this place, being engaged in a distillery and having occasion to be absent for a short time, on his return found the premises taken possession of by a huge wild cat, as large as a middle sized dog. Mr. C. boldly entered the building, asserted his usurped rights, and commenced an action of forcible entry and detainer. Puss was on the alert, and not being much inclined to await the slow and dilatory dispensation of justice, and risk her neck to the "glorious uncertainty of the law," she issued an immediate declaration of war, offensive and defensive, *versus* her assailant, and at the same instant rushed with her whole disposable force upon her antagonist with such fury and impetuosity as would seem to have routed and overthrown the phalanx of an Alexander; but the attack was met with that degree of firmness and cool deliberation which are rarely witnessed in modern warfare. He first seized a wooden shovel, the only weapon to be found under such perilous circumstances, and endeavored in vain to lay the feline belligerent prostrate at a single dash; but Puss being inspired with a love of conquest, and determined to dispute the ground, inch by inch, was not to be foiled by this missile weapon. He then laid down the slice, and grasped the cat by the jugular. "Then comes

the tug of war." The contest was now renewed with redoubled vigor, and the issue seemed some time to be suspended by a single hair. Puss, after bringing up all the energies of her mind and body, found herself incompetent to repel the powerful grasp of her adversary, and had only time to manifest her contempt and indignation at this last fatal manouver before her cranium received several unlucky thumps against the meal tubs and barrels, with such violence, that death was the immediate consequence. Mr. C. then bore off the spoils of victory (the skin) in triumph, without receiving but little, if any, injury.

The above was printed in the TELEGRAPH at the time, but the story received a different version soon after, as detailed by a young chap—to the effect that he had been out with his gun and shot the cat referred to, and in the absence of Corning had placed the animal in a very conspicuous place and in the most warlike attitude possible. The only variation was that the cat was dead instead of alive.

A bear story is told of the late Esquire Tomlinson of Kirtland, which is said to be accompanied with more truth than fiction. He was one day traveling in an unfrequented road while there was snow on the ground, and crossing a foot path which appeared to be filled with tracks of various sizes, and which also had the appearance of having had hemlock brush dragged along over the tracks. This he concluded was an old bear with several cubs, endeavoring to make their beds. He soon rallied all the disposable force in the neighboring country, and proceeded to find the trail, which was soon struck and followed to a log house near by, and made a rush for what they supposed to be the den—but what was their astonishment when they discovered a family of *eight or ten children, nearly all bare-footed!*

Sixty years ago the Western Reserve

was composed of seven counties, to wit: Huron, Medina, Cuyahoga, Trumbull, Portage, Ashtabula, and Geauga; and these counties constituted one judicial circuit. Over these presided Hon. Geo. Tod, and about three sessions were held in each county every year. In each of these counties three Associate Judges were appointed by the Legislature for the term of seven years, who sat upon the bench with the Presiding Judge. Lawyers in those days were "few and far between," perhaps not more than one or two in a county. Now, to supply this deficiency the lawyers, on horses with saddle-bags—especially those of much eminence—would follow the Presiding Judge from one county to the other. Sometimes their ranks would be augmented by land-holders, who would embrace that opportunity of picking up their dues for lands sold in the several counties. Perhaps these travelers were as temperate as a majority of the community in those days, but I have heard of many big "busts" or "sprees" at the *taverns*—(no hotels yet invented)—where they put up for the night, one of which I will endeavor to relate, perhaps with as much accuracy as some writings sixty years after the events occurred.

At the Commercial House in Cleveland—kept by Noble H. Merwin, almost a "giant in those days," said to have been 6 feet 6 inches high when a few years younger, but had now settled half an inch, in consequence of a broken leg—a number of the characters above described had assembled for the night, and after partaking of a few "cocktails" or "nips" all around, one of the company proposed to organize a sham court and get up some fun. Accordingly, Judge Tod was placed in an elevated chair, a Sheriff, Clerk, and Prosecutor duly appointed. It so happened that Judge Turhand Kirtland, of Poland, and father

of the late Dr. Jared P. Kirtland, was in the crowd, and considerably fatigued by his travels through the day had retired to bed early in the evening. He was selected as the one upon whom some joke might be played off. Whereupon the Prosecuting Attorney was ordered to draw up a bill of indictment against the old gentleman, then up stairs in a solid *snooze*, which was soon produced, and ran nearly as follows:

*The State of Ohio, }
Cuyahoga County, ss. }*

The jurors of the grand jury of the State of Ohio, within and for the body of the county of Cuyahoga, empaneled, sworn and charged to enquire of crimes and offences committed within the said county of Cuyahoga, in the name and by the authority of the State of Ohio, on their oaths do find and present that one Turhand Kirtland, late of said county, on the 30th day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighteen, with force and arms in said county of Cuyahoga and State of Ohio, did willfully, maliciously and feloniously, without having the fear of God before his eyes, break open with divers crowbars, axes, levers, handspikes, guns pistols, and swords, the door of a certain building or shanty, commonly used as a smoke-house, in said county aforesaid, and did then and there steal, and carry away, a certain ham of bacon, known as and being the hind leg of a swine, hog or pig, then and there hanging or suspended on a certain iron hook, spike or nail, contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the State of Ohio aforesaid.

NICHOLAS BIDDLE,
Pros. Attorney.

The Sheriff was then commanded to bring forth the culprit, which was accomplished after much shaking, coaxing, and threatening. He appeared before the august tribunal with nothing on but his shirt and drawers, and after the Prosecutor had most solemnly read over the indictment, he was asked by the Court what he had to plead. After a little hes-

itation he stammered out, "I plead—I plead—A-m-a-z-e-ment!!" This was followed by a shout, and a sentence to pay one quart of whiskey, and a discharge from further attendance on that Court.

And now here in June, 1823, another most important and eventful period of my life occurs—eventful in the lives of all who duly consider the step—but, alas! how few do. I was married to the one of my choice after a courtship of six years. Her name was Sophia Hull, of Clarence, N. Y. Her father was from Berkshire county, Mass.,—a soldier in the Revolutionary war, and settled on the Holland purchase (so called) in 1806. She was of a family of twelve children—nine daughters and three sons—all of whom lived to have children, and all but the two youngest to quite advanced ages, and only one of whom now remains. I lived with my wife for the space of 43 years, in a state of connubial felicity enjoyed by but few in this state of toil and trouble; and what little pecuniary success I have in life I attribute very largely to her perseverance, industry and economy. Her health was scarcely ever impaired until about six months before her decease, which was brought about by a cancerous tumor in the stomach. During that period she was destined to suffer as but few do in this life. Kindness and benevolence towards all in her sphere were most strongly and constantly developed. Her first sympathies were called out in 1825-6, in behalf of the Greeks in their struggle for independence. They were then under the Turkish yoke, and the barbarities inflicted among them, and the devastation and famine that ensued, called forth vast supplies of provisions and clothing from the whole country. She was chiefly instrumental in collecting and sending forward several boxes to that distant and suffering people. She

was one of the first to join in the anti-slavery movement, and was always instant in season and out of season to assist the fugitives from bondage. At one time some of this species of property had taken refuge in our house, and a kettle of water was kept boiling all day in order to give their pursuers a *warm* reception should they make their appearance. In fact, she kept a station on what the slaveholders called the "underground railroad." In pursuing the fugitives when they arrived on the Western Reserve they most generally lost the track, and were obliged to return without their prey. I might fill many pages in the relation of scenes that took place touching the reclamation of that species of property in our country, that was called *free*, but I will refer to only one or two cases.

In 1848 two slaves, a man by the name of Roberts and a woman he afterwards married, escaped from the mouth of the great Kanawa, by secreting themselves on a boat that was passing up the Ohio River, and landed on the Ohio side near Steubenville. From there they made their way, guided by the North star and traveling nights, secreting themselves in some lonely place through the day, till they arrived in the town of Randolph, fifty miles directly south of here, and on the south line of the Reserve. Here they found some friends, and concluded to stop and go to work, in order to replenish their means to enable them to pursue their flight to Canada. About two miles from the little village at the centre of the town they found a place where the friends thought they would be safe from pursuit. Not so, however, for in about two weeks two strangers made their appearance in the village, making enquiries about the price of land and other matters; but the people in that neighborhood were on the alert, and watched every movement of the strang-

ers. They soon entered their carriage and steered directly for the place where the slaves were at work. It was supposed that they had got direct information of the exact locality of the fugitives from a person who had recently left the place. A young man mounted a horse and rode along leisurely till he overtook them and opened a conversation. He then went ahead to give the alarm. The slaves were quickly secreted in an upper room, and the doors and windows well fastened. On arriving at the house where they expected to take possession of their lost property, the owner of the house politely met them at the gate and enquired from whence they came and where bound, but they as yet did not see fit to make their business or intentions known. Very soon the people of the surrounding country commenced dropping in to take a view of the strangers, whom they already began to mistrust belonged to a class of bipeds called man-stealers. In the course of an hour there had assembled about one hundred of the farmers of the neighborhood, and the prospects began to look decidedly unfavorable for a successful termination of their expedition. They concluded, finally, to make known their business, and begged permission to have an interview with the missing *chattles*, who were occasionally peering through the windows to catch a glimpse of their old masters.

Negotiations were finally entered into in which they proposed to give up the chase if they could not persuade them to return after a private confab; but this was objected to unless in the presence of two or more of their friends. By this time the strangers began to discover some very decided manifestations of displeasure among the crowd, as some of them had been so indiscreet as to bring with them old rifles and muskets from which an occasional *pop* would be heard

in the distance. They then, as night was approaching, commenced a retrograde movement for the hotel from whence they started, followed by the citizens thus hastily assembled, and took up quarters till morning. But a strong guard remained in and about the house all night, and it was strongly suspected that they did not get a very good night's rest, as early in the morning they called for their horses and made preparations to return to old Virginia. Being Sunday the pious folks then and there thought it their duty to give them a pressing invitation to stop over until the next day, and join them in their devotions. But no; they could not be coaxed into that; and immediately started, with oaths and imprecations upon the d—d Yankees. The crowd of citizens, amounting to near two hundred, then formed a procession in their rear and most gently escorted them out of town.

That night a consultation was held among the friends of the bondmen, and it was concluded—as some feared they might return from the Ohio River with a strong force—to send them forward to another locality, where they would not be so readily discovered. The next night the two slaves were legally married, and with a liberal outfit my dear friend and relative brought them in his carriage fifty miles, and landed them at my house in Concord early the next morning. That friend was the late Jared F. Smalley, and father of one of the now Editors of the *Cleveland Herald*. May his name be handed down as a true friend of the bondman! These fugitives were never after molested, but remained in this neighborhood till the notorious and infamous enactment of Congress in 1852, when they concluded their only safety would be a flight to Canada.

The first fire in Painesville occurred November 25th, 1823. It was on the N.

E. corner at the intersection of Main and State streets, destroying two stores and a dwelling house—the loss amounting to about \$10,000. The present brick building now on that corner was soon after erected by Messrs. Hamot & Tracy, and what is very remarkable, it has stood to the present time, 54 years, without even a scorching, while every other business part of the town has been swept over by the devouring element.

And now, after this long digression I will proceed with my notes in the progress of the TELEGRAPH. A Presidential election had already begun to agitate the public mind somewhat. As all the old revolutionary worthies had passed away, new men and new issues must be sought out and canvassed. It was early foreseen that sectional and geographical feelings and preferences would largely enter into the conflict for that high and responsible position. Accordingly, four prominent candidates were brought before the people. Wm. H. Crawford, of Georgia, was nominated by some members of Congress as a Southern man, and the only true Democrat. Gen. Jackson's name was first announced in Greensburg, Pa., by a small meeting in a hotel. John Quincy Adams was brought out by a legislative vote in Massachusetts. And Henry Clay by a legislative caucus in Kentucky and Ohio. Under the banners of these leaders a pretty sharp cross-fire was kept until the election in November, 1824. Mr. Adams had the advantage of being the greatest statesman, and a man of unimpeachable moral character; and as the people of the Western Reserve were nearly all New England people, it could readily be perceived that they would naturally fall into line in his behalf. Mr. Clay had the most decided reputation of being the greatest orator in or out of Congress then in our country, a western man and a decided friend of

western interests. Gen. Jackson at that time, as a civilian and statesman, had no reputation whatever. But his popularity and fitness for that high position mostly grew out of the fact that he had been very successful as an Indian fighter, and that he had whipped the British badly at New Orleans. This was a renown that the masses of the people could readily understand; and he, therefore, run through the land like wildfire, to the utter astonishment of all. Mr. Crawford was a very sound statesman, but had little popularity outside of three or four Southern States.

Thus matters stood when my old friend Willes, of the *Cleveland Herald*, in conjunction with the TELEGRAPH, came out in favor of Mr. Clay, with a determination to drive back the current that was rushing along in favor of Mr. Adams. The sequel shows that small things sometimes produce wonderful results. Mr. Clay carried the State of Ohio by 718 votes over General Jackson—leaving Mr. Adams far behind. From this I reason that if General Jackson had carried the State, he would have been the President in 1825, and Mr. Adams would never have arrived to that distinction. The vote in Ohio stood as follows: Clay, 19,168; Jackson, 18,450; Adams, 12,418. The electoral vote of all the States, then consisting of only 25, gave Jackson 100, Adams 82, Crawford 41, and Clay 37. This carried the election of President into the House of Representatives, which at that time was greatly deprecated and feared by all well-wishers of the Republic. Such an event had never occurred but once before, and never since. In 1801 Mr. Jefferson was elected by a vote of the House over Aaron Burr, by a majority of one. This came so near the most disastrous result to the stability of the Union, that very few ever desired to see it repeated. On the 16th day of Feb-

ruary, 1824, the election of Mr. Adams took place agreeably to the forms of the Constitution, without any serious consequences—further than a good deal of loud swearing and storming and heavy charges of corruption on Mr. Clay by the Jackson men. As he and his friends had the casting vote—then each State giving one vote—Mr. Adams received 13 votes, Jackson 7, and Crawford 5, a majority of one.

As Mr. Clay was soon after appointed Secretary of State, the charge of "bargain and sale" was reiterated for years thereafter, with so much pertinacity that he never outlived it to the day of his death—although he ran for the same office again in 1832 and 1844, and was badly defeated. The vote in Geauga county stood: Adams 464, Clay 349, and Jackson 3.

The administration of Mr. Adams continued from March, 1825, to March, 1829, without any events occurring to disturb or retard the march of general prosperity of the nation at home or abroad. His Cabinet was composed of Henry Clay, Secretary of State; Richard Rush, Secretary of the Treasury; James Barbour, Secretary of War; S. L. Southard, Secretary of the Navy; and William Wirt, Attorney General.

Gen. Jackson having a majority of the popular vote, his friends commenced a pretty sharp warfare upon the administration, which was kept up with much ill-feeling, till his final sweep in 1829, by an overwhelming majority. Mr. Adams was charged with all manner of delinquencies; among which were, he had once been a Federalist—his bargain with Clay—extravagance in the public expenditures, in running up the annual cost to *twelve millions* of dollars; and another heinous offence at that time, in answer to a letter of enquiry, he said he was *not a Mason*, never had been nor ever should

be. This last declaration turned from him a vast number of his old friends belonging to that order.

But to return again to our town and county. By the beginning of 1827 our village had received quite an accession of inhabitants and an increase of business, so that a number of our citizens concluded to start a *mint* for the purpose of coining money from lead, zinc, copper, and nickel, which was to be made to appear equal at least to the "dollar of our daddies." The members of the company had been pretty closely watched for some months, while their chemical experiments were going on and their tools being got in readiness. Finally, on the last week in April arrangements had been completed for the arrest of the whole gang, as far as then known. Early one morning the constable was seen in the person of Judge Harris, with a heavy cudgel in hand and a posse, marching up Main street and through divers parts of the town, picking up here and there the persons whose names had been entered as stockholders in the concern. Their arrest was the first notice they had that they were suspected. The following is the list of names that day arrested, to-wit: Wm. Ashley, John Arbuckle, Sol. Morton, Abraham Holmes, Guy Tinker, Samuel Bellows, Charles Crofts, William Singer, S. Bradford, Elisha Gookins, Ira Seeley, G. A. D. Streeter, and James Pink. On their examination before two justices, which commenced in about a week, four were discharged for want of sufficient testimony, three turned State's evidence, three gave bail for their appearance, and three went to jail, from which they escaped. Subsequently out of the thirteen arrested, only two were sent to Columbus for the term of one year, on a plea of guilty. Bellows stood trial before the Court, and was defended by the late Hon. John W. Willey. His guilt ap-

peared to be clearly established, and, after the charge of the Court, Mr. Willey suggested to the judge that he ought to say to the jury that the coin counterfeited should be in the likeness and similitude of genuine coin, and well calculated to deceive; to which the judge readily assented. From that the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty, on the ground that the coin was so badly executed that no one would be deceived.

It was several days after the arrest of the above persons before their apparatus could be discovered. One of the accused finally made a disclosure. On the precise ground where the Cowles House now stands was an old building used for a chair factory, owned and occupied by C. Crofts, whose boys were known to be concerned in the mint. There was no cellar to the building, and no known space underneath where anything could be concealed—although all the outsiders believed it to be very near the spot where the business was carried on. There was a stairway on the main floor under which was found a trap-door, well covered with rubbish and pieces of lumber. Below this was found a hole scooped out in the sand some ten feet broad, in the centre of which they dug some two feet deep, and unearched and brought to light a solid piece of cast iron, nearly square, with a hole four inches square in the centre, and a screw running from the top down to the hole, all about 200 pounds in weight. Several of these had been cast at a neighboring furnace in Concord. The *thing* was a great wonderment for some time among the crowd that had collected around. Many remarks and suggestions were made as to the name it bore, or the one that should be given to it. Finally some one called it a "Bogus." Now it has ever been a query to me whether the word then and there did not have its origin. I had never seen it in

print, or knew of any one that had. It was the next week printed in the TELEGRAPH, and from that day to this has ever been freely used and applied to express the idea of base or counterfeit money, and falsehood or deceit of all kinds. And so within the last fifty years it has found its way into Webster's Unabridged, and perhaps all other vocabularies.

As a sequel to this affair, it was charged in the TELEGRAPH that the Prosecuting Attorney of Ashtabula county had been knowingly aiding and abetting some of the bogus gentlemen in that county in carrying on the business, for which I was prosecuted for libel in a demand for the sum of \$10,000! At the trial of the case in Chardon, the Hon. John C. Wright—who was afterward a member of Congress and on the Bench of the Supreme Court—made a speech against me; whereupon the jury brought in a verdict of fifty dollars—just the value of the argument.

Whilst on the subject of libels, I may as well refer to another. Once upon a time, when politics were running pretty high, I took notice of a caucus of Jackson men in our town, printing the name of the Secretary thusly — "*iracpaine*." For this I was sued in damages to the amount of \$5,000. Judge Peter Hitchcock, who was then practicing at the Bar, defended the case, and contended there was nothing libelous in the article or in the italic letters complained of. The late Gov. Wood, who had just been elected by the Legislature of Ohio on strictly party grounds as one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, appeared to try the case—deciding that in his opinion the word in italic was clearly libelous, and instructed the jury to bring in a verdict for damages,—which they did, to the amount of *fifty-two dollars*! Commonsense men generally thought that the de-

cision was prompted mostly to benefit an active member of his party who was in rather needy circumstances.

The next episode to disturb the quiet of our town was the subject of gambling. A number of citizens thought that they perceived a growing tendency among several persons of high standing to indulge in this nocturnal amusement, to the great detriment of the morals of the place. Accordingly several suspected persons were arrested and brought before a magistrate. Upon this the persons so implicated made a rally of all their friends and that class of community, and called a town meeting forthwith. As might be expected, quite a large crowd assembled at the town house to take into consideration what they thought to be an infringement upon their dearest rights. I refer to this meeting to show how great a fire a spark may kindle. Solomon Kingsbury was chairman, and Wm. S. Tracy was chief spokesman and author of a string of resolutions denouncing all who had any hand in the prosecutions and those who would not join them in their resistance. They appointed a committee of about one hundred to assist them in carrying out the objects of the meeting—which was to resist the enforcement of the laws. In this controversy, perhaps contrary to my usual custom, I took a neutral position, and admitted nothing in the TELEGRAPH either for or against. I, however, printed an advertisement, signed by several of our citizens, whose names had been placed on the committee without their knowledge or consent, and refusing to serve on said committee, to wit: David D. Aiken, Joseph Rider, Carter Foote, Colbert Huntington, Oliver Jennings, Jona. Stebbins, Ambrose Drake, Warren French, Seba French, E. Champney, Marvin Huntington.

A few days after this the Sheriff, (Sec-

ley) was assaulted upon the sidewalk by Mr. Tracy, above mentioned, who dealt out several blows in rather an unbecoming and hostile manner; whereupon he, the said Sheriff, ordered his assailant to enter into bonds to keep the peace or go to jail, but he refused to do either, and took refuge in the house of Mr. Ralph Granger of Fairport. As the Sheriff had the law to back him up, he forthwith opened a war, offensive and defensive, with his powerful foe. Summoning to his aid a man big enough and sufficiently powerful to carry the Counsellor to Chardon on his back, if it became necessary, proceeded directly to his fortress and demanded an unconditional surrender.—After a short parley he concluded that “discretion was the better part of valor,” and the three wended their way to the county jail, into which the prisoner was thrust *sans* ceremony. The next day, on application to Judge Hitchcock in Burton, a writ of *habeas corpus* was issued, and his doleful situation was taken into consideration by the Judge in Chardon. He managed his own case, and was the occasion of much merriment to the lookers on, as he depicted in glowing colors the terrible and forlorn condition of a *gentleman*, for no crime, to be cast into a cold and dreary prison, and fed on cold pork, cold cabbage, cold “tater,” cold turnip, and, worst of all, cold water! But he failed to excite the sympathies of the Judge, or to convince him that he was illegally detained in prison, but he must be held or give bail to keep the peace. It may be mentioned, however, that in after years the two became firm friends—so much so, that before the death of the “old counsellor” he chose Mr. Seeley the guardian of one of his boys.

But this proved to be a sort of neighborhood war that admitted of no neutrals. Several hundred dollars was soon

raised to purchase a press and type, and another newspaper was started—to divide and share the scarcely living patronage that the TELEGRAPH was then receiving. I soon discovered that my old and trusted friends were engaged in the plot, and that I must go under or fight it out to the bitter end—typographically. In the month of September following, 1828, the new paper appeared, printed by two young men brought from Buffalo for that purpose, whose names I do not now recall. After spending all the time and money which they could afford they disappeared. Several other printers that came along were put aboard the leaky ship to navigate it as best they could. This paper was called the *Geauga Gazette*, and put on a very respectable appearance.

The next year our old friend, Wm. L. Perkins, Esq., who had recently come among us as a lawyer, and then in the prime of life, took charge of the editorial department of the paper for about a year; with what success I know not. He was succeeded by Mr. Henry Sexton, who kept the paper going one or two years longer, when it was sold and taken to Chardon and printed by Alfred Phelps, Esq., for a year or two longer, and finally disappeared from the county.

In the meantime the TELEGRAPH had been enlarged and placed upon a pretty firm foundation, and has thus continued, through the agency of many proprietors, for the last fifty years, until it has arrived at its present gigantic proportions.

In referring to the next important era in the life of the TELEGRAPH and its founder, I may, perhaps, tread upon the *corns* of some who are still upon the stage of action; and I would gladly pass over it did not the cause of impartial history demand its recital. Half a century has nearly elapsed since the events to which I am about to depict have passed away,

and are beyond the memory of almost two generations of people. No event of equal magnitude I will venture to affirm has been more studiously passed over and ignored in history than this—and, consequently, so little understood. Of this I judge by the frequency of the enquiries with which I have been importuned for the last thirty years, and the apparent anxiety which is often manifested in a verbal relation of some of its parts. I refer to the war against, and opposition to, all secret affiliated associations in this country, especially that of the Masonic. In the relation of facts to which I shall be obliged to allude, I do not propose to disturb the sensitiveness of any at the present day. What the institution is now I know not, neither care; but what it was fifty years ago I feel certain that I know, and of that I must speak if at all. From the ordeal through which it then passed I have no doubt that it has undergone many important and radical modifications. For instance: At that period the evidence seemed to be indisputable that a large majority of the members of the Order considered it their duty to aid and assist in bringing down upon the head of an erring brother the most condign punishment—especially for divulging any secrets of the lodge-room. But through the advancing light of reason and common sense I think it would now be difficult to find any who would be willing to go to that extremity.

With these preliminaries I will proceed to a hasty sketch of that great Masonic war referred to. William Morgan was born in Culpepper county, Virginia, about the year 1776, and was a mason by trade. After having by his industry accumulated a sufficient fund for the purpose he commenced business in Richmond as a merchant. During his abode there in 1819 he married Miss Lucinda Pendleton, eldest daughter of Rev. Joseph Pen-

dleton, a respectable planter residing in Washington county. In 1821 he removed from Virginia to Little York (Toronto), in Canada, and commenced business as a brewer. The destruction of his property by fire reduced him from a comfortable situation to poverty, and rendered it necessary for him to resume his trade as a mason, and removed to Rochester, N. Y., where he labored at that business for some time. From thence he removed to Batavia, some forty miles farther southwest, where he worked at his trade till within a short time before he was kidnapped and carried away from his home and family. Sometime in the year 1826 it began to be rumored that Morgan, in connection with some other persons, was preparing for publication a book that would reveal the secrets of Freemasonry, and that David C. Miller, a printer in the village of Batavia, was engaged in putting the work to press. Morgan was a Mason, well versed in nearly all the degrees, and Miller had taken but one. It was at last noticed by some of the citizens that an excitement of some kind existed among certain persons in the village in regard to the rumored publication of the book; and it was at length openly avowed by a number of persons who were understood to belong to the Masonic fraternity that the suppression of the work had been determined on at all hazards. A crusade against Miller's paper and business, by petty prosecutions, and various other ways best calculated to distress and embarrass him was made.

Morgan was advertised in various parts of the country, in many newspapers, as a swindler and dishonest man, and the fraternity warned to be on the look-out for him. About this time, also, slanderous reports were put in circulation against Morgan and Miller for fifty miles around, charging them with all manner of misdeeds. About the middle of August a

stranger suddenly appeared in Batavia, pretending to be a printer, and soon made overtures to Miller, proposing a partnership in the publication of the *Secrets of Masonry*—and after using all the wiles and stratagems of which he was capable, partially succeeded in securing the confidence of Miller. His name was Daniel Johns, as it afterwards appeared in evidence, a Knight Templar, whose residence was below Kingston in Canada, and had been procured by the fraternity to come on and attend to the suppression of the book on Masonry. Through this man and other sources it had been ascertained that three degrees had been printed and were then lying in sheets in Miller's office, and that Morgan was still engaged in writing out the higher degrees.

On the 8th day of September forty or fifty men assembled at the hotel six miles east of Batavia, kept by Jas. Ganson, a high Mason, headed and commanded by one Col. Edward Sawyer, residing at Canandaigua, who was afterwards sentenced to one month's imprisonment for the part he took in the kidnapping of Morgan, on his own confession. This conclave of apparently respectable gentlemen came from distant and different parts of the country, and even from Canada. At a late hour of the night they proceeded to Batavia for the avowed purpose of procuring the manuscript and printed sheets, and suppressing the publication of Morgan's book by breaking into the printing office, and if necessary to effect their object, to carry off Morgan and Miller. What deterred them from carrying out their plans is not definitely known; but on arriving in the village it is supposed that they got information of the fact that Miller had prepared to defend himself with firearms. At early dawn they separated, some of them again assembling at Ganson's where Sawyer

was branded as a coward for not effecting the object for which he had started.

On the 25th day of July Morgan was arrested for a small debt owing to a Mason, and committed to the custody of the Sheriff of the county, also a Mason, and committed to the jail, from whence, however, he was liberated in a few days by the interference of his friends. In the month of August he was engaged on his expositions in the upper room of his boarding house, when on the 19th of said month three Masons of the village suddenly rushed into his room, arrested him on an execution, and again thrust him into jail. They again returned to the house and informed Mrs. Morgan that they should keep her husband in jail till they found his papers, and proceeded to search the house and carried off all they could find. He was, however, again released on bail.

On Sunday morning, September 10th, 1826, Nicholas G. Chesbro, of the village of Canandaigua, a hatter by trade, Master of the Lodge in that place, and one of the Coroners of said county, applied for and obtained a warrant from a justice of the peace for the apprehension of Wm. Morgan, on a charge of stealing a shirt and cravat, in May previous, from an inn-keeper, who declared afterwards that he had no intention of entering a complaint against Morgan until he was prompted to it by Chesbro and his associates. Having obtained the warrant, which was directed to him as Coroner, he procured the services of four other Masons of respectability and took their departure from Canandaigua the same morning in a special stage. On the road to Batavia they took on board two other Masons, all of whom seemed fully to understand the object of the expedition. The party proceeded on to the village of Stafford, six miles from Batavia, where they stopped to take supper at the house

of James Ganson. They then proceeded to within a mile of the place when they were met by a messenger advising them not to come on that night. Some of the party, however, were vexed at this, and said they would proceed, as they had come so far for that purpose. They finally divided, and the most of them proceeded on foot into the town. The next morning early Morgan was arrested and taken to the public house where the party had stopped. An extra stage was then procured and they left the village with Morgan. Just as they were about to start Miller came up and insisted that Morgan should not be taken away, as he was in custody of the Sheriff of the county and he was his bail. Miller was, however, immediately pushed aside by the hotel-keeper, who closed the door, and Chesbro having taken an outside seat with the driver, urged him to drive fast until he should get out of the county.

The party arrived at Canandaigua—fifty miles east of Batavia—about sunset, and Morgan was examined by the magistrate. Loton Lawson, one of the conspirators, appeared as a witness, and made such statements as induced the discharge of Morgan. To have procured his imprisonment for larceny would, of course, have defeated the object of the conspirators, because his person would have been out of their control. As soon as Morgan was thus discharged from arrest under the criminal process, Chesbro produced a claim against him for a debt of two dollars. Morgan admitted the debt, confessed judgment, and seemingly aware of the determination to detain him pulled off his coat and desired the constable to levy on it and take it as security for the debt. But he being a Mason, refused to take it, and conducted him to jail where he was left about ten o'clock in the evening.

On the 16th day of September, about

noon, a crowd of men suddenly appeared in Batavia, nearly all of whom carried with them clubs or sticks, newly cut, all of which resembled each other, as if prepared specially for the occasion. The whole number thus equipped was sixty or seventy, and nearly all of them were strangers, whose names were never ascertained, and the reason of their appearance at that time was never known. Immediately after this assemblage Jesse French, one of the constables of the county, repaired to Miller's printing office, and in a rude and violent manner arrested him—alleging that he had a process in behalf of the people. After detaining him in a room at the hotel for two hours they put him into an open wagon, and seven men besides the driver, all strangers, took seats with him and proceeded to Stafford. French, the constable, having mounted his horse, rode ahead. On arriving there Miller was seized by two men and conducted to a room in the third story of a stone building, ordinarily used as a Masonic Lodge room. In this room he was guarded by five men, who said they were acting as assistants to French and under his orders. While thus secluded and guarded, his counsel with four or five of his friends arrived, who, after much parleying were permitted to see him. The constable was then asked to exhibit his authority by which he detained Miller, but steadily refused to give any satisfaction on that point; but still left no doubt on the mind of Miller that it was a criminal procedure, and issued by a magistrate at Leroy, four miles farther east.

A short time after Miller's introduction to the Lodge room, the same mysterious personage heretofore referred to as coming from Canada, Daniel Johns, entered the room, holding in his hand a drawn sword, and walked with lofty steps back and forth, seemingly anxious to in-

spire terror into his captive. After manouvering till nearly night, Miller finally got before the magistrate who issued the writ. Here the constable and guards soon disappeared, and Miller was discharged. While they were in the Lodge room one of the men told Miller that he was not to stop in Leroy, but he was going where Morgan was. On the night of the 16th Miller's printing office was fired in two places, but the flames were extinguished without much damage.—This is but a very meagre outline of the doings then and there to destroy the work that was going to reveal the secrets of the Order—as they supposed.

Our last account of Morgan left him lodged in the jail at Canandaigua. The next evening after he was imprisoned for the debt of two dollars, Lawson called at the jail to see Morgan, and after some objections by the keeper he was permitted to do so. He proposed paying the debt and taking Morgan with him to his house, a short distance from the village; but he seemed to be unwilling, preferring to remain where he was till the next morning, and retired to bed. After a short absence Lawson returned again, and having procured a carriage and the assistance of a sufficient number of men, he procured the assent of the jailer's wife—in the absence of her husband—to the discharge of Morgan. He accordingly left the apartment in which he had been confined—Lawson holding him by the arm—at about 9 o'clock in the evening. Almost directly in front of the jail he was seized by his supposed friend Lawson and some other person, and notwithstanding his struggles and cries of murder, he was gagged and led away from the jail. The cry of murder and the appearance of a struggle in the street, excited a momentary attention from the people living in the vicinity of the jail, and a man ran out to ascertain the cause. The

first persons he saw were Colonel Edward Sawyer and N. G. Chesbro, who were standing near by spectators of the scene. When asked what was the matter one of them answered promptly, "nothing, only a man has been let out of jail and has been taken on a warrant and is going to be tried." Receiving this answer from a person of good character whom he knew, the man turned about and declined to interfere.

This was the last that was ever seen of Morgan by any person who was not a Mason. He was driven rapidly away in a close carriage, in the charge of two or three men, who were supposed to be strangers there, either gagged or drugged in the direction of Rochester. The carriage was noticed by people on the road, in many places, and apparently accompanied by a man on horseback, who rode in advance to make arrangements. Three miles from Rochester another carriage was procured with a relay of horses, soon after daylight next morning. This carriage proceeded with great speed, changing horses about every sixteen miles through the day—apparently with a perfect understanding, as the horses were generally found ready harnessed, sometimes unhitched from the plow by their owners and driven by them, and in no case, except one, by any who were not Masons.

As they proceeded westward on their course, and when near Lockport, the Sheriff of Niagara county, Eli Bruce, boarded the carriage and rode to Lewiston, where it arrived about 8 o'clock in the evening of the 13th—having run 70 miles since daylight in the morning. The carriage was halted in a back street—as had been their custom through the whole route—and another carriage drove alongside to exchange the load. They had now arrived within six miles of the end of their journey, and in the hurry of

business had inadvertently put on a driver who was not a Mason, by the name of Fox, who drove down the river, stopping within twenty rods of Fort Niagara in an open field. Here four or five men got out and the carriage was sent back to Lewiston. Throughout the whole distance all the carriages had the curtains closed, so that no persons within were visible—which circumstance, as the weather was very warm, caused much observation and curiosity among the outsiders all through the country. The driver—Fox, above referred to—made some remarks the next day on his strange expedition the night previous, who was told by his employer if he said anything about it he would be discharged. He was a few days after initiated into the Lodge.

After leaving the last carriage they went directly to the ferry, near the Fort, and proceeded directly across the river to the town of Newark in Canada. From thence two of the kidnappers went immediately to the Lodge-room, where the Masons were then in session,—leaving Morgan in the custody of three others. After being gone some two hours they returned to the boat and reported that the Canadian Masons refused to receive him or have anything to do with the offending brother. They then recrossed the river and put him into the magazine of the fortress and securely fastened the door. In this small enclosure there was no light except from a small window, so high that it was inaccessible to any one from the inside. At that time the fort was entirely unoccupied by soldiers, and was in charge of a single person who was a Mason. The next day Morgan had so far recovered from his stupefaction, in his solitude, as to commence some violent efforts to free himself from the thralldom in which he had been placed. This produced some alarm in the vicinity, and early in the evening a

man and horse were dispatched in great haste to Lewiston for assistance to put a stop to the noise in the magazine. It so happened that on this very night of the incarceration there was an installation of a Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons in Lewiston. From this conclave there was quickly selected five Sir Knights to go immediately down to the fort. They went down the river in a small steamer, and returned on foot in the darkness of the night. They reported that there would be no more trouble there.

For two or three days after this there appeared to be quite a commotion in the vicinity among the brethren. Many of them seemed to have become alarmed, and manifested great anxiety about the *elephant* they had on their hands. The execution of Morgan had been determined upon; but the great trouble was to find the instruments for carrying it into effect. It was concluded from various circumstances that he was kept in the magazine some four or five days before the right sort of persons could be found to carry out the programme. He was finally taken one dark night by three persons into a boat, and after rowing about in the mouth of the river and lake his throat was cut and his body sunk—which was sometime afterward found and buried in the "rough sands of the sea" or lake. The names of the perpetrators of the last act in the drama were never definitely known—although five persons who were known to have been engaged in the work disappeared from the country and were never after heard of.

Many of the foregoing facts were two or three years in their development, and were mostly brought out in the progress of the trials, which were had in the higher courts, and in numerous depositions that were procured by the various committees that were instituted by the people to ferret out the mysteries which

were attempted to be thrown around the whole transaction. There was at that time only one newspaper in all Western New York, composing some five counties, that would open its columns to the relation of facts connected with the murder of Morgan, and that was the one printed by Miller, which almost every one expected to see soon destroyed. Nearly every paper was discovered to be under control of the fraternity.

In the course of a month, however, great excitement began to prevail in most of the western counties, and large meetings began to be held, at which resolutions of the most stringent nature were passed; and large committees of the most influential citizens, outside the Lodges, were appointed to take measures to investigate the whole affair. The various committees numbered forty persons, who were subsequently divided up into sub-committees, to go over the whole ground traversed by the kidnappers. They made pretty thorough work of it, by procuring the statements and depositions of every person who was supposed to have any knowledge of the affair.

DeWitt Clinton was at that time Governor of the State, and, although a high Mason, through the representations of the committees was induced to issue three several proclamations a few months after, one of which offered a reward of one thousand dollars for a discovery of the perpetrators. Several persons were found who pretended to know all about the manner in which the end of Morgan was brought about. One person said he was present when the boat left the shore, and saw it return without Morgan. But on the several trials that were had for kidnapping, during the two or three following years, no important witnesses could be found—many had left the country. It was a remarkable fact that several of the most noted among those implicated died very suddenly.

As might naturally be supposed, the whole community soon became aroused at so great an outrage being perpetrated in their midst, without the power to counteract the influences which appeared to prevail in thwarting the due administration of justice. The ballot-box was the final resort after a few months of deliberation, and political warfare was soon entered into against the Masons and all secret societies, which has had few parallels in our country. It spread rapidly over nearly all the Northern States, and was prosecuted with great vigor for the term of about five years, all Masons being ejected from office, even down to path-master, in many localities. Many newspapers were brought out and many men of eminence and ability turned up pending the struggle. Among the most prominent of politicians was Thurlow Weed, who is yet occasionally heard from on some important question, and now bordering on 90 years of age. He was the leading editor in the anti-Masonic party, and published a newspaper at Rochester, and soon after the Albany *Journal* at the capital. Millard Fillmore, who was afterwards President of the United States, made his *debut* as a politician in the anti-Masonic party. Francis Granger, who was afterwards Post Master General under John Tyler, was the anti-Masonic candidate for Governor of New York, but failed by a small minority. Vermont was the only State that elected a Governor and Legislature on that principle. The discussions in the newspapers, magazines, and on the stump would fill volumes.

The three degrees of the Order written by Morgan were printed and scattered broadcast. Several of the higher degrees which Morgan had prepared for publication were taken from Mrs. Morgan, under a promise that her husband should be brought back. Here and there many of the Masons in different parts of the coun-

try began to *cave*, by renouncing their fealty to the institution, and acknowledging the correctness of the revelations.

In the course of two years several conventions of seceding Masons were held; and, finally, on the 4th of July, 1828, something over one hundred assembled at LeRoy, near Batavia, drew up a declaration of independence, and pledged themselves to reveal and publish all the higher orders of the craft, which amounted to over thirty. These were soon embodied and published to the world, bearing the signatures of many of the most eminent men and Masons of the State. The controversy soon after culminated and was narrowed down to two or three propositions, to wit: the Masons contending that the murder of Morgan was the unauthorized work of a few misguided members of the Order, for which the institution was in no way responsible. And on the other side it was contended that it was the legitimate result and flowed directly from the nature and proper meaning of every oath taken by each member, accompanied by the most horrid imprecations which they invoked upon their own heads. Numerous side issues were involved in the debates that ensued—such as the political, moral and religious bearings of the institution, and also its claim to antiquity. The latter question was the production of great study and research into ancient and modern history. The most antiquated and extensive libraries of the world were searched for any collateral account of its origin prior to 1717. Nothing could be produced, save the vain-glorious claims of its orators and writers of modern times. The Professors of Harvard and Andover—whose institutions were supposed to possess the most extensive libraries in the United States—were called upon, and made report in writing that they knew of nothing or could find any

thing in print to place it beyond that date.

But I must hasten to a close on this subject. For about two years the TELEGRAPH had partially kept its readers posted on the progress of the contest, when I openly espoused the anti-Masonic cause and entered into the political arena with what little power and ability I was master of. Ashtabula county was much ahead of Geauga, having the year before put in operation a newspaper called the *Ohio Luminary* at Jefferson. The two counties the next year (1830) elected to the State Senate the Hon. Eliphalet Austin, of Austinburgh; and Geauga elected to the lower House Isaac Gillett of Painesville, and Chester Treat of Claridon. In 1831 Uri Seeley was chosen Senator, and Isaac Gillett re-elected to the House. In 1832 Lewis Dille and Lester Taylor were elected to the House and the next year General Dille was re-elected—all on strictly anti-Masonic principles.

In 1832 a National organization was effected, and William Wirt was run for President and Amos Elmaker for Vice-President. Vermont was the only State that gave a majority—the party in the other States being nearly swallowed up by the terrible strife which was carried on between the two great contending parties, Whig and Democrat. This virtually ended the controversy, except in a few localities.

The fruits of the war were the renunciation of about one thousand Masons, and the closing of all the Lodges, except in some of the cities, for about fifteen years. It was during this period of suspension that Odd Fellowship was organized and appeared on the surface as a sort of substitute for the "lost cause."

[NOTE.—Additional particulars in connection with the foregoing chapter will be found in the Appendix to this pamphlet.]

MORMONISM.

The next disturbing element in the affairs of Geauga county was the sudden advent of what was then called the Golden Bible. In the year 1830, away down in York State, a family by name of Smith, consisting of father, mother, and several grown-up sons, conceived the idea of bringing before the world a new Bible and a new religion, which should be the great wonderment of the age and make themselves rich and powerful. The evidence of all their acquaintances was that they were idle and dissolute in habits, and spent most of their time in digging for money among the surrounding hills. In these operations the oldest boy but one, who was called Joseph, Jr., was put forward as the leading spirit, and the most adroit among them. One night the great wonder was struck in a deep cave, and after a hard tussle with the devil, he succeeded in carrying off the prize. This was the account the family gave of it. The Mormon Bible, or the "Book of Mormon," as it was called, was said to have been translated from a large number of plates, which were secured and held together by two rings, somewhat in the shape of a book, and had the appearance of gold. They had been there some 1500 years. There was no evidence that any person, except Joseph, Jr., ever saw the plates; but several persons pretended that they had "hefted" them. After much tribulation the contents of the plates were deciphered by the use of a "peep stone," that was placed in a hat. But the plates were never present during the operation of translation, the Lord having communicated their contents as the work progressed—Joseph saying that they were buried up again in a mountain by the direction of the Lord, but he nor any other person knew the exact place. The book was put in type and published early

in the year 1830, and contains nearly 600 pages. Its most elaborate barrenness and want of thought is the greatest distinguishing feature of the whole thing. The author seemed to be doing his best to produce a burlesque on all printed books, and especially the bible. Poor old Martin Harris, a monomaniac in religion, spent a handsome property in its publication.

They then formed a church of some eight or ten members, and forthwith sent three Apostles to Geauga county, who commenced preaching in Kirtland, where a nucleus was soon formed and a church established,—Sidney Rigdon being one of the first converts.

In February following the whole of the Smith family, with the prophet Joseph at their head, made their appearance here. The next year or two a large number of converts had been made, and began to assemble from all parts of the country, and many from Europe. All the wealth of its members was placed at the disposal of the head of the church. In Kirtland they commenced buying and making bargains for all the lands in the vicinity. They erected a large stone temple, opened several stores of goods, established a bank, and issued bills to a large amount, which they never intended to redeem. Their numbers constantly increased, so that they absorbed all the business of the township. They began to make their boasts that in a short time they would control all the county offices and elect a member of Congress from their own ranks. All their doings and performances were held out as having been dictated and commanded by Jesus Christ, in writing, through the hand of their prophet Joseph. One of their revelations told them that *their* bank in a few years was to "swallow up all other banks."

All their vain babblings and preten-

sions were pretty strongly set forth and noticed in the columns of the TELEGRAPH. In view of all their gaseous pretensions the surrounding country was becoming somewhat sensitive, and many of our citizens thought it advisable to take all the legal means within their reach to counteract the progress of so dangerous an enemy in their midst, and many law suits ensued.

In 1834 I wrote and compiled a book of 290 pages, which was entitled "Mormonism Unveiled," which contained a succinct and true history of the rise and progress of the sect up to that time, as I verily believed. It has now been out of print more than forty years, but which I have reason to believe has been the basis of all the histories which have appeared from time to time since that period touching that people.

In 1836 suits were instituted in our County Court against several of the Mormon leaders for divers offences against the laws of the State. One was for a violation of the statute against private Banking, and a judgment was rendered for \$2000; another against Sidney Rigdon for \$1,000, for solemnizing marriages without a license. Executions were issued, and their printing establishment and other fixings in Kirtland were levied upon by the Sheriff. The night before the removal of the property it was all burned to the ground, and the prophet and many of his apostles fled to parts unknown. Following this was a pretty general breaking up in that place. They soon after attempted to make a stand and build up a community near the western border of Missonri, ten miles east of where Kansas City now stands. To that place all the faithful were peremptorily commanded to flee with all possible haste. To obey this command large sacrifices were made by the people who had from time to time enlisted under the banner of the prophet.

Not long after their arrival and settlement in Missouri they were destined to still greater calamities. The inhabitants there soon took the alarm, from causes very similar to those which occurred here. They were driven from their possessions into an adjoining county across the Missouri River by an armed force. There they had a revelation from the Lord (as they said) to make a stand and arm themselves in self-defense, which they did, to the number of about three hundred, and Gen. Joseph placed himself at their head as commander-in-chief. This brought out a proclamation by the Governor of the State and a regiment of militia. An armistice followed a few shots, and the army of the Lord (as they called it) agreed to leave the State.

They then wended their way back in a most deplorable condition, some three hundred miles, to the place they afterwards called Nauvoo, on the east bank of the Mississippi. During all these adversities their numbers constantly augmented, chiefly by means of missionaries, which they kept constantly on the move in foreign countries. The doctrine they preached was well calculated to attract the attention of a certain class of the poor and ignorant, who hoped to better their condition. At Nauvoo they took up quite large quantities of the public lands, and soon laid out quite an extensive city. Their first business was to commence the erection of a most splendid tabernacle, and a hotel to be kept by the Smith family. But they had no sooner began to flourish than they commenced their old game of intimidating the people of the surrounding country, and warlike demonstrations soon began to appear on both sides, and finally culminated in the imprisonment of Joseph and Hiram Smith in the jail of an adjoining county, with an assurance of personal protection. But during the night the

jail was broken into by an armed mob and the prisoners both fell pierced with bullets.

Soon after this the noted Brigham Young was chosen prophet and head of the church, and preparations were made once more for a general stampede of the saints towards the Rocky Mountains. It was at about this juncture that the revelations began to appear, authorizing and establishing the doctrine of polygamy. Of their long and dreary march to Salt Lake, many of them in the dead of winter, we have had numerous sad accounts. It was said that quite a number perished on the way through cold, hunger and fatigue. But we will pursue this subject no farther.

In January, 1835, my connection with the TELEGRAPH ceased, and the paper went into the hands of a younger brother, Asahel Howe, and was for the next year very ably edited by Doctor M. G. Lewis, an uncle of E. V. Smalley, now of the Cleveland *Herald*. Since that time I can hardly enumerate the different editors and proprietors who have had the handling of its types. Here are some of them, however, viz.: Messrs. Jaques, Hanna, Winchester, Rice, Smythe, Gray, Doolittle, French, Bachelor, Abbott, Bailey, Merrill, Scofield.

SLAVERY.

The next subject which seems to claim our attention is that of the anti-slavery movement, in which I was more or less an active participant from its incipient stages to the closing scenes of the great rebellion. Like many other gigantic wrongs which have been permitted for ages to annoy and scourge large portions of the human family, African Slavery took a high stand among nearly all civilized nations, and was scarcely ever called in question except by a few isolated and noble minds scattered here and there, until soon after the commencement of the

present century. The first agitation commenced in England, mainly by that great and immortal philanthropist, William Wilberforce, in the British Parliament; who was followed up by Thomas Clarkson, another noble spirit of his day. They and a few others persevered in their efforts for many years against most of the nobility and commercial and West India interests of the nation, till several enactments were procured looking to a gradual emancipation of slavery in their colonies. Among other expedients resorted to was a system of apprenticeship which was to release the slaves from bondage after a servitude of a certain number of years, or by age. But after making trials of several plans, the colonial legislatures came to the conclusion that immediate emancipation was far preferable to any other. An act of Parliament was finally passed liberating all the slaves in the British Islands in a single day—the first of August, 1834.

After the subject of emancipation had been agitated for several years, it was reserved for the intuitional brain of a noble English lady to propose and announce the only correct principle—*Immediate Emancipation*. Her name was Elizabeth Heyrick, who said: "An immediate emancipation is the object to be aimed at—it is more wise and rational—more politic and safe, as well as more just and humane, than any gradual emancipation scheme. The interests, social and political, of all parties concerned, will be best promoted by immediate emancipation. The sooner the planter is obliged to abandon a system which torments him with perpetual alarms of insurrection and massacre—which keeps him in the most debasing moral bondage—subjects him to a tyranny of all others the most injurious and destructive, that of sordid and vindictive passions; the sooner he is obliged to adopt a more humane and

lucrative policy in the cultivation of his plantations; the sooner the over-labored crouching slave is converted into a free laborer, his compulsory, unremunerated toil, under the impulse of the cart whip; the sooner the government and people of this country purify themselves from the guilt of supporting or tolerating a system of such monstrous injustice, productive of such monstrous enormities—the sooner all this mass of policy, crime and suffering is got rid of the better."

The first anti-slavery paper published in the United States was in Baltimore, in 1831, by Benj. Lundy, called the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, which existed but for a short time. Early in the year 1833 the American Anti-slavery Society was formed in Philadelphia, and composed of less than twenty members. Soon after this the *Emancipator* was started in New York, edited by C. W. Denison, and the *Liberator* in Boston, by Wm. Lloyd Garrison. Their heaviest guns were directed against the old Colonization Society, which, it was alleged with entire truth, disclaimed all intention of doing anything to liberate the slaves, but merely to furnish the ways and means of carrying back to Africa all the free negroes, with their own consent, in order mostly to produce more safety to slave property, and render them less liable to interruption from all surroundings. It was shown, also, that that Society had been gotten up and managed principally by large slaveholders, and for the space of sixteen years had only sent off 2,500 persons, and that in the same space of time the slaves had increased half a million. They had also shipped to their colony in Liberia 1400 barrels of rum, either for the use of the colonists or to purchase territory of the natives.—Many individuals of the Northern States had also contributed largely to its funds. Under the heavy guns of truth and ex-

posure that old hypocritical humbug soon went by the board.

By the present generation it must be looked upon with the most profound wonder and astonishment to realize the pertinacity with which that "sum of all villainies"—as John Wesley termed it—was sustained and upheld by almost the entire population of the whole country north and south. The hatred and rancor that was indulged in by all classes of community against abolitionism was a phenomena to the human mind which has few parallels, and has never yet been explained, except by the burning of witches at Salem by a peculiarly pious people. Why was it that nearly every church organization of our widely extended country entered the arena to put a stop to the agitation of American Slavery? All the moral impulses of the mind seemed for a time to be utterly paralyzed.

In the beginning of the year 1835 the anti-slavery societies had been so far organized and increased in strength and talents as to open up an offensive and aggressive war upon the upholders of the institution. This was met mostly by mob violence. The watchword seemed to have been passed around that every peaceable assemblage of men or women must be suppressed or broken up at all hazards. Under this arrangement the Pennsylvania Hall, one of the largest in Philadelphia, was burned to the ground; while the authorities and firemen looked on with composure. Some hundreds of other cities and villages soon after took their turns at mobs. At Boston William Lloyd Garrison was dragged through the streets with a rope around his neck—while his life was only saved by being locked up in jail by order of the Mayor. His motto at the head of the *Liberator* "My country is the world, and all mankind my countrymen; on this subject I will be heard, let what will come."

At the same time Mr. George Thompson, the most eloquent English gentleman that ever visited our shores—afterwards a member of Parliament—was hunted from house to house, and was finally obliged to sail for England. It would take too much time and space for me to enumerate half the overflowings of human depravity that were exhibited throughout our country during that and two or three years following—all for the purpose of crushing out the anti-slavery spirit. The very name of Abolitionist was sought to be rendered so odious that but few had the courage to acknowledge it. A State convention of men and women in Utica were driven from a church and obliged to take refuge several miles away at the residence of the late Gerritt Smith. [Let his name be honored for all time by every well-wisher of our race.]

James G. Birney a noble specimen of humanity, after emancipating his slaves in the South, came to Cincinnati and started an anti-slavery paper; but in a few weeks his press and type were taken by a mob and thrown into the river. After renewing the attempt his press was again destroyed and he driven from the city. Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, at Alton, Ill., had his press and type thrown into the Mississippi, and after procuring another was shot dead while defending his property from the mob. At a later period Cassius M. Clay had the press and type of an anti-slavery paper burnt in the streets of Lexington, Kentucky.

Brick-bats and unmerchantable eggs were the most common weapons in villages and country towns. A colored man once came into our place who had been lecturing, with his coat completely covered over with those vile missiles. This he wore as a badge of honor for a long time. In Charleston, S. C., the United States Mails were seized and rifled of

newspapers supposed to contain anything against slavery and burned in the streets. This lawless act of violence was justified by the Postmaster General (Amos Kendall), and the President (Gen. Jackson); and afterwards authority was virtually given to all the Postmasters in the Southern States to suppress the circulation of everything bearing upon the subject of slavery.

The present generation may well wonder if these things can be true, and if there was no redress for such monstrous outrages. No; slavery was the rule and freedom the exception. Previous to the admission of Missouri as a slave state, in 1820, the sinfulness of the institution, without molestation, had been thoroughly ventilated by pulpit, press and rostrum; but after that fatal mistake in our political economy, a different state of things began gradually to prevail. The production of slave labor, especially that of cotton, soon began to assume an all-controlling interest in the North as well as the South. Cotton became King! The price of negroes rose from two hundred to fifteen hundred dollars, or more. The more Northern Slave States were mostly engaged in raising stock (negroes) for the Southern plantations—driving them to market in chain-gangs, men, women and children, and selling them to the highest bidder as they would horses and cattle.

The Southern trade and influence soon became overpowering, both religiously and politically. The Southern politicians began to appreciate their strength and apply the lash to the two great political parties of the country, which were then called Whigs and Democrats. This brought the parties into a state of non-resistance to the increasing demands of slavery, each one vieing with the other to secure the Southern votes. In this tilt for supremacy the Democrats generally stooped the lowest and carried off the

prizes for nearly thirty years, up to the time of the election in 1861. The anti-slavery party at the North continued to increase steadily, so that in 1840 James G. Birney was put up as a candidate for President and received about 7,000 votes. He was again a candidate in 1844, and received less than 100,000 votes. It ought to be mentioned that in 1840 the Abolitionists divided themselves into two parties—one by the name of the "Liberty Party," the other "Garrisonians," who did not believe in any political action, on account of the pro-slavery character of the constitution, and made no use of the ballot-box till after the war and an amendment of the constitution.

In 1848 a new anti-slavery party was formed at a national convention held in Buffalo, styled the "Free Soil Party," with Martin Van Buren and Charles Francis Adams, at the head of the ticket; but this time the Whigs succeeded by the election of General Taylor, a large slaveholder who died the next year, substantially leaving the power of the general government still in the hands of the South, under the guidance of Mr. Fillmore, the Vice-President, who was a northern pro-slavery Whig. Soon after this the Whig party went into oblivion and a new organization was formed by a combination of the whole anti-slavery element of the country, and denominated the Republican party, which, in 1856, put at the head of the ticket Gen. John C. Fremont, who was defeated by James Buchanan—whose administration was the weakest and more disastrous to the best interests of the nation than any which had preceded it, being wholly given over to the control of the slave power, and culminating in the war of the rebellion. How wonderful the great changes and revolutions in the minds of men!

But I must now go back and bring up a few scraps of history of a more domes-

tic nature. And in what I shall say in regard to the conduct of individuals whose names I may deem it expedient to mention in connection with certain events, far be it from my intention to impugn the motives or conduct of any at this late day; fully conceding that they acted up to the best light they had at the time.

In the summer of 1835, when mobs and riots were so fashionable against the promulgation of anti-slavery sentiments, Mr. Theodore D. Weld, an agent of the American Society, made his appearance in Painesville, and proposed to deliver a course of lectures. There being at that time only one church or meeting house in the place, the old Congregational was applied for, and after a vote of the members leave was granted by a small majority. Mr. Weld being then one of the most effective speakers in our country soon began to make a deep impression on the small audiences which then assembled. After one or two discourses, opposition and uneasiness began to manifest itself in certain quarters, and several persons seemed disposed to consider it their duty to endeavor to put a stop to its further progress. The Town Council, then composed of Messrs. P. P. Sanford, Mayor; Wm. L. Perkins, Recorder; and J. H. Paine, Addison Hills, Milo Harris, Edwin Palmer and David Hull, Council, were either called upon or took up the question of their own volition to adopt some measures to *insure the safety of the town!* After the matter had been discussed to their satisfaction the Council passed a resolution of advice, not mandatory, that Mr. Weld discontinue his lectures in the town, and Mr. Perkins was authorized to furnish him a copy. Whereupon, early the next morning, he proceeded to the dwelling of Deacon Silas Pepoon, just across the river from the old Geauga furnace, where he found the

great sower of discord and anarchy in the act of shaving off his beard. He turned around, and after reading the document presented, enquired if it was mandatory or advisory, and being answered that it was the latter, with a "humph!" proceeded with his work then in hand.

The next evening Mr. Weld proceeded with his lecture as usual; but in a short time Gen. Charles C. Paine, in company with a chosen few—how many history telleth not—taking position in the gallery, with some noisy demonstrations; not appearing to be noticed by the speaker, the General arose and demanded or commanded that such talk *MUST* then and there be stopped, as it would no farther be permitted in the town. They then retired to meet somewhat of a noisy crowd below in front of the house. Among these appeared Judge Storm Rosa, Sheriff J. A. Tracy, and a few others, who advised them to keep quiet and retire, or suffer the consequences. Under the circumstances they thought it prudent to heed the advice. But the next night nearly the same scene was enacted under the leadership of my old and deceased friend, Robert Blair, with a reinforcement from the furnace. But I am happy to say that nearly all the persons named above lived long enough to see the enormities of the slave code, and become abolitionists, and to see the imperfections of the human mind. Such are the inconsistencies of human nature.

From here Mr. Wild went to Chardon where he met with the same opposition. The cause had not friends enough there to procure any public place to speak in, so that he only delivered one message in an old dilapidated barn or school-house; and there he was serenaded with drums and horns, eggs and stones. Our old friend, Franklin Paine, who is still lingering with us, at the age of 88 years, says he was an eye-witness of the transactions

last mentioned, and did what was in his power for the cause of freedom—as he has ever since. He says he even went so far as to perforate a drum-head with his knife through an open window.

In pursuing this subject still farther I must spend a few moments on the life and character of the late Benjamin Franklin Wade, as one of the earliest and staunchest friends of the oppressed. He was in the Ohio Senate in the years 1837–38 from Geauga and Ashtabula counties. It seems that some petitions had been sent in by some of the colored people of Ohio, praying for the repeal of a portion of the infamous laws which had been enacted against them, and that a motion had been made by some liberty-loving Democrat to reject all such documents. Upon this proposition Mr. Wade made the following remarks:

"He would like to know what clause in the constitution denied to any inhabitant of this State the right to petition? He held the right to be inherent. It belonged to those opposed to the exercise of this right to show the grounds upon which they based their doctrine; it was a monstrous doctrine to deny to any human being the right to petition. Did they base it upon the ground that the colored population were not voters? The same objection could be urged against receiving the petition of females. We taxed their property, and subjected them to all the pains and penalties of our laws; how, then, can we deny them the right to petition?"

"He had early imbibed and believed the doctrine that the end of all good government was to protect the weak against the strong, the virtuous against the vicious; and while he saw one human being oppressed he would assert the right of that individual to petition for redress. That right, as he had said before, and as others had ably argued, was existent in all countries, in common law, and prior and superior to all written constitutions.

"Some have argued that blacks are inferior to the whites; if so, their right to petition and claims to protection were the stronger. He was in favor of the

rights of man; and if the granting of an act of incorporation to a few individuals to establish a school for the laudable purpose of elevating the moral and intellectual character of those who were so unfortunate as to differ from us in color, was to favor abolitionism, he should stand obnoxious to that charge. He would point gentlemen to that instrument [Declaration of Independence] hanging on the wall, and say to them, if they will trample its just and holy precepts and principles beneath their feet, tear it down, and efface it from existence, for it was there only as an evidence and a monument of their degradation!"

For these bold and humane utterances he was doomed to political martyrdom. At the next election he was regularly nominated by a Whig convention, and beaten by a Democrat and a member of the Methodist Church—B. Bissel, Esq. Why he was thus ostracised then was only to be accounted for through the intensely pro-slavery character of a portion of the Whig party and the churches. Judge Bissel, however, proved a very useful Senator, as the Legislature was composed. He was chiefly instrumental in organizing the county of Lake from a part of Geauga, and the township of Willoughby from Cuyahoga county. He was soon afterwards elected by his party in the Legislature a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in his district.

A FUGITIVE SLAVE.

I will digress here for a few moments to relate a few incidents in regard to the capture and release of a Southern chattel, which, for prudential reasons, never found its way in print. It is taken from the recollections of a principal actor in the affair. In the year 1841 there appeared at Oberlin a runaway slave by the name of Lewis Clarke, who had escaped from Kentucky. Finding an opportunity for educating himself among sympathizing friends, he thought the privilege too precious to be enjoyed by himself alone, and as he had a brother and sister

still bound in the shackles of slavery—from which he had so recently broken away—he at once formed the resolution to rescue them also and to bring them North. Encouraged by the advice of friends he succeeded, and in a short time he had both brother and sister in Oberlin. Of course his master was thoroughly enraged at losing so many valuable chattels in so short a time, and at once began to hunt for them by advertising. By chance one Chapman, a young lawyer of Elyria, saw one of these advertisements, and being well acquainted in Oberlin knew of the arrival of these fugitives. He at once put himself in communication with the owner, a planter in Kentucky, named McGowan, and proffered his assistance in the matter: who immediately responded by sending his son, who was accompanied by a professional slave-catcher, named Posthlewait, who formed the celebrated firm of Posthlewait & McGowan.

On their arrival in Lorain county they found the Clarke's absent on a visit to Madison in Lake county, where they were spending a short time in the family of Dr. Merriman. They immediately proceeded there, accompanied by the informer, Chapman, and came across Milton Clarke on the road, riding with some of the family of the Doctor. They succeeded in arresting him without much difficulty, being taken by surprise. The victim was taken before the Hon. D. R. Paige of Madison, who was Associate Judge of the County, who soon opened Court in the tavern of Mr. J. H. Bliss, in the town of Madison. In the meantime the alarm had been given and word was carried all over the eastern part of the county: so that before the trial was through wagons were pouring into town, loaded with young and old men—all in a high state of excitement, and determined that no slave should be taken from Lake county.

A warrant had been sworn out before Justice Cunningham against Posthwait & McGowan, for assault and battery on the person of Milton Clarke, the alleged slave. In the trial which was being had before Judge Paige, Clarke was defended by Gen. Jas. H. Paine, a prominent and devoted abolitionist, but without avail. The Judge gave his decision against Clark and gave him up to the slave-catchers. No sooner was the trial closed than the writ issued by Justice Cunningham was served by the Sheriff, Jabez A. Tracy, Esq., who proceeded with his prisoners, Posthwait and McGowan, to the residence of Esq. Cunningham, who lived on the road forming the line between Lake and Ashtabula counties. A procession was formed, consisting of the Sheriff, his prisoners, accompanied by the Judge, and the fugitive Clarke, followed by a long line of wagons, buggies, foot passengers—all by this time in the highest state of excitement—towards Unionville, a village partly in Lake and partly in Ashtabula counties; Esquire Cunningham living half a mile north.

On their arrival at the village they found a large concourse of people gathered on the Lake county side of the road, so that they could not pass without going on to the Ashtabula side of the road, which they evidently disliked to do. Apparently the name was terribly distasteful to them. They tried to ride down the crowd, which resulted in a sharp fight at once. During the fight Robt. Harper, Esq., of Harpersfield, who was on hand in behalf of the democratic party, trying to assist in returning the claimed slave, mounted a dry goods box and read the riot act and commanded the peace, but as he was in Lake county and his jurisdiction did not extend beyond Ashtabula county, peace didn't come. They flourished their pistols and threatened to fire, but the crowd did not scare

worth a cent, but stood their ground, armed with fence rails and other weapons hastily procured. The Judge begged them to put up their pistols or they never would get back to Kentucky.

After a sharp and hot contest of about half an hour, they were forced over into Ashtabula county. No sooner there than they were arrested by Sheriff John A. Prentiss, on a writ of *habeas corpus*, issued that morning by Judge Jonathan Warner of Jefferson, who proceeded with the crowd to the residence of Mr. Cunningham. After the return made by the Sheriff and the production of the prisoners, it was nearly dark, and the Court adjourned until the next morning,—the prisoners giving bonds to be on hand at that time.

In the meantime, Sheriff Prentiss had Clarke in custody, instead of the parties who held him, and whom he was ordered by the writ to arrest—he seeming to feel it more important to have the slave in safe keeping than the slave-catchers, who were safe and under bonds till morning. About nine or ten o'clock at night he took Clarke and proceeded to Jefferson to make return of the writ. It was surmised by some persons there that the Sheriff ought to have some assistance in making a safe return of the papers and prisoners. Mr. Augustus Pepoon of Painesville having his team there, Mr. L. L. Rice, Editor, and Mr. Philander Winchester, Publisher of the Painesville TELEGRAPH, together with Mr. Seth Marshall—all earnest abolitionists—volunteered to see the game through, and started for Jefferson in the wake of the Sheriff. George Fisher, of Madison, a prominent Democrat, was sent out to see that Clarke did not escape. He rode on horseback by the side of the teams almost to Jefferson, when, it being rather a dark night, he took the wrong road and became separated from the rest. Sheriff

Prentiss rode up to the tavern and left Clarke there—he going to find the Judge and make return of his doings. The assistant volunteers thought Clarke might be lonesome, and asked him to take a ride with them.

Taking him in the wagon they took the back track, and proceeded immediately to Austinburg to the residence of Strong Austin, who, being a thorough-going abolitionist, pledged himself for his safe-keeping; and he fully redeemed his pledge, for no more was heard of Clarke until he turned up in Canada, and years after did good service in the anti-slavery cause in lecturing in different parts of the country. The rescuers of Clarke turned homeward, stopping over night with Doctor Hawley of Austinburgh. In the morning they arrived at Unionville just as the Court was in session. The prisoners plead not guilty and as there was an important witness in the case in the person of Clarke, absent, it was thought by Gen. J. H. Paine, in behalf of the prosecution, not to press the suit against the prisoners, they being strangers in this part of the country.

Thus ended one of the most important and exciting attempts at slave-catching that ever occurred in this section of the State, in which the slave-catcher was completely foiled, the victim escaping. The anti-slavery cause received a great impetus. Posthwait & McGowan returned to Kentucky empty handed, but breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the abolitionists—but no damage was done. Mr. Harper collected the names of forty or fifty of those most active in the day's fight; but those who carried him off were not even mentioned in that roll of honor. No suits, however, were commenced, and the party of four who took the night ride are all now living, able and ready to spend another night in as glorious an undertaking.

These Clarkes' were nearly white. Lewis, who was in the house of a friend near by when his brother Milton was captured, a few years afterwards became quite noted as an able lecturer—returning once or twice to Madison to talk to his old democratic friends. This Lewis Clarke was the identical model of Mrs. Stowe's "Harris," in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

After the return of the two man hunters to Kentucky, McGowan wrote a letter back to Gen. Paine, somewhat like this:

"Jim Paine, you dam black abolitionist, if you ever come to Kentucky I'm good for your scalp, if I meet you in hell."

But as I am growing somewhat impatient to bring these sketches to a close, I wish to refer to another scrap of history in the anti-slavery movement which will go to show how small beginnings sometimes produce tremendous results. Although Martin Van Buren had always been considered an intensely pro-slavery democrat, and generally taking strong grounds, up to the time of his defeat in 1840 by Gen. Harrison, he was in 1848 nominated by the new Free Soil party in national convention at Buffalo. This, of course, was a most bitter pill to many of the old friends of freedom; but they thought they could discover some good results in the future, as it would be the means, through the discussions that would ensue, of opening the eyes of a vast number of democrats that could not be reached in any other way—and such was the fact. Gen. Taylor and Gen. Cass were opposing candidates.

In making the county nominations that year the Whigs and Free Soilers were disposed to act in concert as far as possible. Mr. S. B. Axtell received the nomination for Representative in our county convention, and was called upon for a speech in response, in which he

acquitted himself very handsomely in some strong anti-slavery sentiments. When he concluded I put the question squarely, wishing to know who his man was to carry out his principles. His reply was, "Gen. Taylor." Then, said I, "you can't be elected!" Ashtabula and Lake then elected two representatives jointly. Another convention was called of Free Soilers, who assembled the next week and put in nomination Col. John F. Morse for Representative, and who was duly elected by the aid of Ashtabula county—Mr. Axtell having a small majority in Lake.

On the 4th of December following the Legislature convened at Columbus, and after canvassing the strength of the three parties it was found that in the House the Democrats had 34 votes, and Whigs 34 by counting in 8 Free Soilers. This left the balance of power in the hands of two Free Soilers who could not join either of the parties in the election of a Speaker, without some liberal concessions in behalf of freedom. These were our Representative and Dr. N. S. Townsend of Medina. Thus there was a dead lock in the election of Speaker, which continued for about thirty days, during which time 122 ballots were had.

This produced great commotion all through the country, and the firm of Townsend & Morse became very noted, and were subjected to the greatest vituperation from the leaders of the Whig party. But Townsend & Morse stood up boldly and manfully for their anti slavery principles, with a determination to use the power they possessed, in the best manner possible, for the advancement of freedom. Their propositions were finally acquiesced in by the Democrats, and their candidate for speaker was elected by a majority of three—said Speaker being the notorious John G. Breslin, who was afterwards State Treasurer and swindled the State out of some \$700,000.

This compromise secured the election in February following of Salmon P. Chase to the U. S. Senate, and the repeal of the odious black laws, which had for many years been a disgrace to the good name of Ohio. Mr. Chase was the most uncompromising abolitionist in the State, and this election was the stepping stone to his great eminence and national popularity.

In 1849 Colonel Morse declined being a candidate for re-election, but the year following he was again elected and chosen Speaker of the House by a majority of four votes. In 1861 he took the position of Captain in the 29th Regiment Ohio Volunteers, where he continued for about eight months, when he resigned. He was afterwards employed on government buildings, from which he retired about a year ago by the admonition of advancing age, being in his 76th year.

In closing these sketches of a "Busy Life," I have only to spend a few moments in giving my ideas of the life beyond, which, according to the known laws and operations of nature, is not far in the future. Up to the age of 40 years, like a large share of the human family, I was governed in my opinions on that subject by education, and all the surrounding influences under which it was my fortune to be placed. I found it much easier to concur in the opinions of others, and slide along in the wake of those who were educated, employed, and paid to officiate in that identical capacity. At that time, in view of many occurrences which I will not stop to relate, I resolved to investigate the whole question of the hereafter, if any. The result was, in the fewest words possible, I became a skeptic. Thus, up to the advent of modern Spiritualism, which came in its own time and its own way. In this I believed, and still believe, and why? Simply because I could not help it, without

ignoring and casting far from me every vestige of common sense and my reasoning faculties, which I verily believe many are doing at the present day. Like the ancient philosopher I could but exclaim, "Eureka."

The phenomena of the spiritual science is now pretty generally admitted. The Catholic church claim and admit that they have always had the same manifestations, but all outside of its precincts is of the devil. Rev. Charles Beecher, after being authorized by his church to investigate and report upon the phenomena, published a book in which he admitted all the facts, but said it was only from evil spirits. But his brother, Henry Ward, admitted that they were both good and bad. Rev. Asa Mahan, in a long discussion admitted the phenomena, but attributed it all to what a German *savan* denominated odd or odyle force. The orthodox churches, as a general thing, have settled down on the theory that it is all a device of Satan. I have often wondered where they would stand after eradicating Spiritualism from the Bible. It appears to me it would give forth a very empty sound. But why is it that they are all determined to crucify and ignore this last and only tangible evidence of immortality which has ever been presented to humanity? In spite of all the obstacles and impediments thrown in its way, what do we now see? We see the denizens of the upper spheres constantly at work devising new plans to make themselves known and respected among their dear ones left behind. They are determined to be seen, heard and felt; and not one in a thousand here will fail to perceive the truth of the great facts and phenomena who candidly and sincerely submit to the necessary conditions. There are now more believers in this new dispensation, after an exhibition of thirty years, than there were in the

Christian religion for the first five hundred after its advent. It is "marching on" in its glorious career, and has already encircled the entire globe. Its numbers are computed by millions. Almost every civilized nation has its numerous adherents, its newspapers and magazines. The most eminent professors, scientists and statesmen in the old world have acknowledged its truth—among whom may be mentioned, Prof. De Morgan, Bulwer Lytton, Robert Owen, Lord Bentick, Dr. Ashburner, the Countess of Zetland, Wm. Crooks, editor of the *Monthly Journal of Science*, Alfred Wallace, electrician to the Atlantic Cable, the Duke of Wellington, Queen Victoria, and many others of like eminence. In our own country may be mentioned Abraham Lincoln, Prof. Robert Hare, Judge Edmunds, Prof. Mapes, J. R. Giddings, B. F. Wade, Thos. Richmond, John R. French, Benj. Bissel, and many Senators and Members of Congress.

After all we are frequently asked the question: "What good has Spiritualism done?" To that I will answer: It has robbed death of its terrors; furnished positive evidence of immortality; put out the fires of hell; and made every man and woman their own saviour.

There are millions to-day entirely ignorant of the psychic sciences, although they consider themselves pretty well educated. They have been kept out of this knowledge by the combined efforts of the colleges, the academies, the press and the pulpit, in suppressing information on these subjects, and scattering prejudice by false information. In most of the treatises on psychology, in which such information should be given, it has been systematically suppressed. In the writings on mental philosophy the vast mass of facts developed in the psychic sciences is ignored as if it had no existence. Dogmatism and animalism have full

sway over the greater number of our literary institutions. All must bow down to what people call respectability.

I have resided in Painesville and its immediate vicinity for fifty-six years; have been engaged most of that time in the printing business and the manufacture of woolen goods; am the father of six children, two only of which survive, the eldest fifty and the younger forty-six years; have seven grand-children and seven great grand-children.

I will now give you my creed, which is said to be nearly the same as that of Andrew Jackson Davis, and will retire:

1. I believe in one absolutely perfect God—both father and mother.

2. I believe that man, physically, was evolved from the animal kingdom.

3. I believe that man, spiritually, is a part of the spirit of God.

4. I believe that every person is rewarded for goodness and punished for evilness, both in this world and in the next.

5. I believe in the universal triumph of truth, justice and love.

6. I believe in the immortality of every human mind; in a sensible communion between the peoples of earth and their relatives in the summer land.

7. I believe in the principles of eternal progression and development.

8. I do not believe in the orthodox scheme of salvation or damnation—that is, I do not believe in "original sin," "atonement," "faith," and "regeneration."

9. I do not believe in the identity of modern Spiritualism and primitive Christianity.

10. I do not believe in the identity of modern Spiritualism and ancient Magic.

11. I do not believe in free love.

12. I do not believe in reincarnation, nor that any foreign spirit can displace the mind of any living man.

13. I do not promise to believe to-morrow exactly what I believe to-day, and I do not believe to-day exactly what I believed yesterday; for I expect to make, as I have made, some honest progress within twenty four hours.

APPENDIX.

Here is the identical oath of a Master Mason, or third degree, as written out and published by Wm. Morgan. And the one following it the oath or obligation of a Royal Arch Mason, as published by a convention of over one hundred Masons, whose honesty and good intentions were never called in question:

"I, A. B., of my own free will and accord, in presence of Almighty God, and this Worshipful Lodge of Master Masons, erected to God, and dedicated to the holy order of St. John, do hereby and hereon, most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear, in addition to my former obligations, that I will not give the degree of a Master Mason to any one of an inferior degree, nor to any other being in the known world, except it be to a true and lawful brother, or brethren, Master Mason, or within the body of a just and lawfully constituted lodge of such; and not unto him, nor unto them, whom I shall hear so to be, but unto him and them only whom I shall find so to be after strict trial and due examination, or lawful information received. Furthermore, do I promise and swear that I will not give the Master's word, which I shall hereafter receive, neither in the lodge, nor out of it, except it be on the five points of fellowship, and then not above my breath. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will not give the grand hailing sign of distress, except I am in real distress, or for the benefit of the craft when at work; and should I ever see that sign given, or the word accompanying it, and the person who gave it appearing to be in distress,

I will fly to his relief at the risk of my life, should there be a greater probability of saving his life than of losing my own. Furthermore, do I promise and swear that I will not wrong this lodge, nor a brother of this degree, to the value of one cent, knowingly, myself, nor suffer it to be done by others, if in my power to prevent it. Furthermore, do I promise and swear that I will not be at the initiating, passing, and raising a candidate at one communication, without a regular dispensation from the Grand Lodge for the same. Furthermore, do I promise and swear that I will not be at the initiating, passing, or raising a candidate in a clandestine lodge, I knowing it to be such. Furthermore, do I promise and swear that I will not be at the initiating of an old man indotage, a young man in nonage, an atheist, irreligious libertine, idiot, madman, hermaphrodite, nor woman. Furthermore do I promise and swear that I will not speak evil of a brother Master Mason, neither behind his back, nor before his face, but will apprise him of all approaching danger if in my power. Furthermore, do I promise and swear that I will not violate the chastity of a Master Mason's wife, mother, sister or daughter, I knowing them to be such, nor suffer it to be done by others, if in my power to prevent it. Furthermore, do I promise and swear that I will support the constitution of the Grand Lodge of the State of —, under which this lodge is held, and conform to all the by-laws, rules, and regulations of this or any other lodge of which I may at any time hereafter become a member. Furthermore, do I promise and swear that I will obey all regular signs, summons, or tokens, given, handed, sent, or thrown to me, from the hand of a brother Master Ma-

son, or from the body of a just and lawfully constituted lodge of such, provided it be within the length of my cable-tow. Furthermore, do I promise and swear that a Master Mason's secrets, given to me in charge as such, and I knowing them to be such, shall remain as secure and inviolable in my breast as in his own, when communicated to me, murder and treason excepted; and they left to my own election. Furthermore, do I promise and swear that I will go on a Master Mason's errand, whenever required, even should I go barefoot, and bareheaded, if within the length of my cable-tow. Furthermore, do I promise and swear that I will always remember a brother Master Mason, when on my knees, offering up my devotions to Almighty God. Furthermore, do I promise and swear that I will be aiding and assisting all poor indigent Master Masons, their wives and orphans, wheresoever disposed round the globe, as far as in my power, without injuring myself or family materially. Furthermore, do I promise and swear that if any part of this my solemn oath or obligation be omitted at this time, that I will hold myself amenable thereto, whenever informed. To all which I do most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear, with a fixed and steady purpose of mind in me, to keep and perform the same, binding myself under no less penalty than to have my body severed in two in the midst, and divided to the north and south, my bowels burnt to ashes in the centre, and the ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven, that there might not the least tract or trace of remembrance remain among men or Masons of so vile and perjured a wretch as I should be, were I ever to prove wilfully guilty of violating any part of this my solemn oath or obligation of a Master Mason. So help me God, and keep me steadfast in the due performance of the same."

"A. I. A. B., of my own free will and accord, in the presence of Almighty God, and this chapter of Royal Arch Masons, erected to God, and dedicated to the holy order of St. John, do hereby and hereon, most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear, in addition to my former obligations, that I will not give the degree of Royal Arch Mason to any one of an inferior degree, nor to any other being in the known world, except it be to a true and lawful companion Royal Arch Mason, or within the body of a just and legally constituted chapter of such, and not unto him or unto them whom I shall hear so to be, after strict trial, due examination, or legal information received. Fur-

thermore, do I promise and swear, that I will not give the Grand Omnific Arch word, which I shall hereafter receive, neither in the chapter nor out of it, except there be two companions Royal Arch Masons, who, with myself, make three, and then by three times three, under a living arch not above my breath. Furthermore, that I will not reveal the ineffable characters belonging to this degree, or retain the key to them in my possession, but destroy it, whenever it comes to my sight. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will not wrong this chapter, nor a companion of this degree, to the value of any thing, knowingly to myself, or suffer it to be done by others, if in my power to prevent it. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will not be at the exaltation of a candidate to this degree, at a clandestine chapter, I knowing it to be such. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will not assist or be present at the exaltation of a candidate to this degree, who has not regularly received the degrees of Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft, Master Mason, Mark Master, Past Master, Most Excellent Master, to the best of my knowledge and belief. Furthermore, that I will not assist or see more or less than three candidates exalted at one and the same time. Furthermore, that I will not assist or be present at the forming or opening of a Royal Arch Chapter unless there be present nine regular Royal Arch Masons. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will not speak evil of a companion Royal Arch Mason, neither behind his back or before his face, but will apprise him of approaching danger if in my power. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will not strike a companion Royal Arch Mason in anger, so as to draw his blood. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will support the constitution of the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States of America, also the constitution of Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the State under which this chapter is held, and conform to all the by-laws, rules and regulations of this, or any other chapter of which I may hereafter become a member. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will obey all regular signs, summons, or tokens given, handed, sent or thrown to me, from the hand of a companion Royal Arch Mason, or from the body of a just and lawfully constituted chapter of such, provided it be within the length of my cable-tow. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will aid and assist a companion Royal Arch Mason, when engaged in any difficulty; and espouse his cause, so far as to extricate

him from the same, if in my power, whether he be right or wrong. Also, that I will promote a companion Royal Arch Mason's political preferment in preference to another of equal qualifications. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that a companion Royal Arch Mason's secrets, given me in charge as such, and I knowing them to be such, shall remain as secure and inviolable in my breast as in his own, *murder and treason not excepted*. Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that I will be aiding and assisting all poor and indigent Royal Arch Masons, their widows and orphans, wherever dispersed around the globe, so far as in my power, without material injury to myself or family. All of which I most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear, with a firm and steadfast resolution to perform the same, without any equivocation, mental reservation, or self-evasion of mind in me whatever; binding myself under no less penalty, than that of having my skull smote off, and my brains exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, should I ever knowingly, or wilfully, violate or transgress any part of this my solemn oath, or obligation, of a Royal Arch Mason. So help me God, and keep me steadfast in the performance of the same."

We are told that the forms of the above obligations were frequently varied in different lodges and chapters, but always retaining the substance. They are repeated by the candidate after being uttered by the Master of Ceremonies.

The higher degrees are still more heinous in their imprecations. The Knights of the Red Cross say, "binding myself under no less penalty than having my house torn down, the timbers thereof set

up and I hanged thereon,—and when the last trumpet shall blow, that I be forever excluded from the society of all true and courteous Knights, should I ever wilfully or knowingly violate any part of this my solemn obligation of a Knight of the Red Cross."

Knight Templar and Knight of Malta. "Binding myself under no less penalty than having my head struck off and placed on the highest Spire in Christendom."

Thrice Illustrious Knights of the Cross. "To all and every part thereof we bind you, and by ancient usage you bind yourself under the no less penalty than dying the death of a traitor, by having a spear or other sharp instrument thrust into your left side, bearing testimony ever in death of the power and justice of the holy cross."

Illustrious Elected of Fifteen. "The penalty for revealing the secrets is to have the body opened perpendicularly and horizontally, and exposed to the air for eight hours that the flies may prey upon his entrails, also to have his head cut off and placed upon the highest pinnacle in the world, and be ready to inflict the same penalty on all who disclose the secrets of this degree."

The degree of Perfection. "Penalty to have the body cut open, the bowels torn out and given to the vultures for food."

